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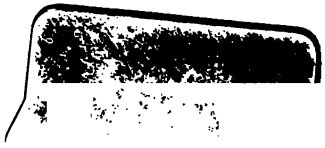
THE ALPINE MISSIONARY

LIFE OF JEAN LOUIS ROSTAN

BY

REV. M. LELIEVRE


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J. L. Rostan -

1869.

210. g 318.



THE ALPINE MISSIONARY;

OR,

THE LIFE OF J. L. ROSTAN,

MISSIONARY-PASTOR IN FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND THE CHANNEL ISLES.

BY THE

REV. MATT. LELIÈVRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH EDITION,

BY THE

REV. A. J. FRENCH, B.A.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is hoped that the interest awakened by the perusal of this little volume will be sufficient to justify its being brought before the English reader. The spirit of no ordinary Christian breathes throughout the correspondence of which some gleanings are here preserved. In any religious community the name of Jean Louis Rostan would deserve to be embalmed in the memory, as an exponent of "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." But connected as it was with the Mission-field, and particularly with that portion of it which, while lying nearest home, is less fully known, and in danger perhaps of being less fully appreciated, than some others, the life here narrated has a further claim on the notice of all who pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom. The glimpses afforded of our French work will show English Methodists that the Methodism they are propagating abroad is not less sound in scriptural doctrine, rich in spiritual experience, and bold in evangelical enterprise, than the original stock, whether the comparison be made with former or more recent times. Planted amid the unfriendly elements of an almost godless civilization, and holding aloof *from* those compromises by which

large outward prosperity might easily be secured at the expense of Christian truth and principle, still nothing but sore straitness of means restrains the French Methodist Connexion from progress on a scale commensurate with the greatness of the task assigned to it, that of aiding to leaven a mighty empire with the blessings of the Gospel of God's free grace. This portrait of one of its most zealous ministers is not overdrawn. Owning as his spiritual father no less a personage than the famous Felix Neff, it is not too much to say that for more than a quarter of a century he maintained a fervour and devotion of spirit never exceeded by his prototype during the brief years of his apostolic toil. Sprung from the line of the ancient Vaudois, Rostan proved himself worthy of this remoter ancestry.

Limits of space have necessitated abridgment, reducing this volume to half the size of the original work by the Rev. Matthieu Lelièvre. Even that contained but a selection from a large mass of correspondence gathered from various quarters, and amounting to more than a thousand letters. The thread of the narrative has, however, in the main been preserved. May this memoir of a holy and useful man of God stimulate the faith and zeal of many Christians, and create some little additional interest in the operations of Methodism across the Channel.

A. J. F.

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LIFE

OF

JEAN-LOUIS ROSTAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISCIPLE OF FELIX NEFF.

1807—1827.

THE Commune of Vars, which occupies some of the highest ground in France, belongs to the department of the Hautes Alpes. It is reached by an exceedingly rugged ascent from the market-town of Guillestre, the chief town in that district. The three hamlets composing it are perched on the western ridges of a mountain belonging to the great Alpine range. From this eyrie the prospect stretches along the exquisite basin of the Durance, dips into the numerous valleys that open out upon it, and is only bounded on the horizon by snowy peaks which form an amphitheatre of surpassing grandeur. Nature offers few spectacles so fairy-like and yet so wild as that which unfolds before the astonished vision of the traveller, when he reaches these heights. It seems as if the soul must feel itself borne irresistibly heavenward, and become predisposed to religious emotions, in

presence of so wonderful a display of creative power. The solitude which reigns in these regions, unbroken by this world's din, must also dispose the mind to reflection, devotion, and prayer.

And, truly, it was in the secluded valleys of the Alps that through centuries of ignorance the faith sought its hiding place from the barbarism of the middle ages. The Vaudois, though finding their chief field of activity in the Italian valleys, early extended their influence on the Gallic side of the Alps. The pure light of the Gospel illuminated the remote valley of Vars, as well as those of Freyssinières, of Le Queyras and of Vallouise, long before the Reformation had appeared to chase the darkness that covered Europe. From its commencement, Protestantism established itself without difficulty in the country, and found among these mountains a welcome asylum. Not always, however, was its sanctity respected; and more than once did persecutors essay to scale these natural fortifications, in order to quench in blood the fires of the new religious life. Lying close by the great valley of the Durance, which was scoured incessantly by armed bands, Vars was peculiarly exposed to the strokes of persecution. So it is not to be wondered at that Protestantism, though surviving in some neighbouring but more inaccessible valleys, should here have become almost extinct.

In this Commune of Vars,—once a focus of *religious life,* now almost entirely Catholic,—and

at a hamlet called St. Marcellin, was born JEAN-LOUIS ROSTAN, on the 8th of January, 1807. His family, descended from an old Huguenot stock, had preserved some obscure traditions of the past; and, although possessing but imperfect notions of Christian doctrine, retained that fear of God which is the basis of all true piety.

JEAN-LOUIS was the youngest of four children of an honest farmer, whose moderate means obliged him to entrust the care of his flocks to him at the age of eight years. In the winter the boy attended the village school; where, thanks to a good memory and a strong understanding, he was not slow to learn the little that was taught. A life among these mountain pastures, where he often had no other company than that of his sheep and his dog, saved him from a multitude of temptations; and his natural timidity tended to keep him at a distance from the worldly pleasures indulged in by the people of that district.

At an early age the young mountaineer became remarkable for a lively intelligence, and for a thirst for knowledge rarely to be met with in those parts. His parents, seeing the studious tastes and healthy moral temperament of their son John, desired to make him a minister: unfortunately, then as now the country possessed no educational appliances, and the narrowness of his parents' means did not permit them to think of sending the young man to study elsewhere; consequently it was necessary for him to *repress his* laudable desires.

Our young shepherd had scarcely attained the age of seventeen, when a great transformation took place in his disposition and habits: his native bashfulness gave place to an immoderate desire for worldly pleasures; the gentle and submissive child, called in derision by his comrades "the little saint," was metamorphosed into the self-willed and opinionated young man. The passions were slow in their awaking, but that awaking was none the less powerful; and the most inoffensive of the youth of the district was fast becoming one of the most dissipated. For a time he was to be seen, at the head of a merry band, mingling in various Sunday diversions, and by the gaiety of his nature giving a zest to the greater follies of the carnival.

While this thirst for pleasure was growing upon him, the young Jeanet, as he was called, became irritable and unruly at home. His worthy father, seeing with regret what rapid progress evil was making in the breast of a child whose early dispositions had filled him with hope, strove in vain to put bounds to his dissipation. Impatient of reproof, the young man brooked with difficulty the counsels and warnings of his parents. The least contradiction exasperated him to such a degree that when one day the paternal will came into collision with his own, the contention was so sharp that in his resentment Rostan resolved to commit suicide. This was not a transient impulse: he *went so far as to* make an attempt upon his life,

—he swallowed poison, and stoically awaited his fate. It came not, however; and he afterwards attributed his deliverance to a direct intervention of Providence. The thought of suicide appears to have been familiar to him at this juncture of his history, since in divers instances under similar circumstances he attempted to finish his life. God did not permit any of these culpable designs to succeed. These occurrences show, however, the impetuosity and violence of his nature; and none can say to what extremes it might not have driven him, had not the grace of God interposed, and, turning back this mountain torrent to its source, opened up for it a new channel in which its peaceful and wholesome streams might permanently flow.

It was in the early part of the year 1824 that Felix Neff visited Vars for the first time. That devoted servant of God had just arrived among these lofty mountain recesses, in which his faith and zeal were to achieve a noble apostleship. For a long time no pastor had visited these regions: the arrival of the missionary was therefore hailed with joy. It was probably at the house of Rostan's father that Neff's first meetings were held, and the young man himself was among the number of his auditors. It was not long before he felt as if entranced by the powerful appeals of this great Christian, who from the first had gained all his confidence and affection. Neff excelled in those fireside conversations in which freedom and

familiarity are essential elements; but to these characteristics he joined much fidelity, and endeavoured always to lead the minds of his friends to the great verities of religion. He soon discovered beneath a rough exterior the vigorous spirit of young Rostan, and strove to foster his good desires in order to awaken a perception of his moral wretchedness. He perceived that he must labour first to arouse the conscience. Under his faithful preaching this was soon accomplished: the early seriousness reappeared in the soul temporarily disordered by the awakened passions. Then he began to pray and to seek conversion, without knowing, as he himself tells us, what it was that he sought: "O God," such was his prayer, "make me to know my own heart, and convert me, that I may be happy." This vague unrest, these confused petitions, must not be interpreted as the signs of true repentance. He himself admits that at this time he was by no means sensible of the guilt of his sins. "The wish presented itself," says he, "that I had committed some great sin. It seemed to me that a great sin would have induced great penitence. I knew not that repentance was a gift of God rather than a consequence of transgression. I prayed from the heart, but in secret, not wishing my parents to know my grief and travail of soul. Some months passed in this way, a slight improvement only appearing in my conduct."

The proof that this inward travail had not

yet reached and renewed the depths of his being lies in the fact that the outward reformation was only transient. In the spring of 1825 he paid a visit of several months to an aunt living in one of the Vaudois valleys. These celebrated valleys had lost their ancient savour of piety, and a taste for worldly dissipations had everywhere succeeded to the love of prayer. The degenerate clergy, so far from being competent to check the evil, were themselves deeply infected by it. Young Rostan did not find here the encouragements of which he stood in need, and soon abandoned serious thoughts in favour of his former frivolous pursuits. Happily Providence, which still watched over the youth, brought it to pass that Felix Neff, yielding to repeated invitations, decided to visit these valleys of Piedmont at this very time. During his stay he was permitted to sow the seed of that glorious revival which reproduced in the breasts of the children the faith of their martyred fathers.

This visit, so blessed to the Vaudois churches, was not less useful to Rostan's soul. The very presence of his beloved pastor was enough to remind him of his unfaithfulness: it was like a two-edged sword transfixing his breast. Conscience, which had been rudely silenced, spoke more loudly than ever; and in an agony of mind he came to Neff and said, "What must I do to be saved? Will prayer save me?" The devoted missionary, touched by the question, which showed at once the

sincerity and the ignorance of his young disciple, answered, "No, prayer is not the Saviour: it is only the channel of salvation." And he went on to point out, in a most affectionate strain, the way of salvation.

From this moment Rostan put his hand to the plough, notwithstanding that, in doing so, to use his own expression, he "put the plough before the oxen." He had not understood Neff's words; and, instead of applying to the Saviour, endeavoured to reform his life, only asking God to help him. Such prayer could not bring peace. The heavens seemed as brass, and his struggles were impotent and vain. "Lord," he cried with tears, "I will not do such and such a thing again; I will not yield to such and such a propensity;" but in a few days he had broken his vows. Endowed with abundance of energy and a rare strength of will, he doubted not that the victory would ultimately be his; but the brighter his hope of success, the more humiliating was his defeat. And when he had succumbed to some temptation which he had reckoned on conquering, he was plunged into despair. Prayer became at such times impossible: he would have wept, but tears refused to come to his relief, and his heart seemed harder than adamant.

He succeeded, however, in effecting an external reform, which he mistook for conversion. During *the last few* months of his sojourn in Piedmont, he

displayed remarkable activity. Instead of confining himself to the study of his own heart, which would have led him to a better acquaintance with himself, he believed it his duty to reprove evil wherever he met with it. With great zeal he accosted all who came in his way, and conversed with them about salvation. "If I had thought I should be heard," he writes at a later date, "I would have called fire from heaven to consume those who were rebelling against the truth. I knew not what manner of spirit I was of. I believed I knew the way of salvation, whereas I did not yet know my own heart. All the sermons I heard or read I strove to retain in my mind, in order to preach them to others. But the structure I was building could not last, seeing it was founded on the sand."

Toward the close of this year Rostan returned home. The light was soon to shine upon his soul.

During the winter of 1825-6, Neff established a school in the village of Dormilhouse, in the upper part of the wild valley of Freyssinières, where his labours during the summer had been abundantly blessed. He assumed the direction of it himself, whenever travel was prohibited by the depth of the snow: at other times an usher took his place. Rostan was one of the first pupils in this "school of the prophets." Neff said of him, "Among the best of my pupils, as regards spiritual things and secular *too*, is Jean Rostan, of Vars: he is

probably destined for the ministry; such at least is my hope." Intercourse with the Christians at Dormilhouse, whom Neff had been the means of quickening into life, opened Rostan's eyes, and caused the edifice he had so laboriously raised to crumble into dust. Observing the faith and love that characterized them, he was persuaded that they must possess a principle of action different from his own. He began to examine the foundation on which he was resting; and, as a result, he was again filled with anguish. Unfortunately, he always sought to obtain relief by his own efforts. "I wished," says he, "to bring to the Saviour at least a little repentance or faith or love, but I had none to bring. I asked for signs, visions, miracles, in order to be assured of the pardon of my sins. Meanwhile, everything seemed to increase my burden and harden my heart,—the tears of penitents as well as the joy of believers,—because I could not myself either weep or rejoice. My daily prayer was, Lord, show me my sins, pardon my sins, suffer me never to lose sight of my sins, until by Thy grace I am delivered from them."

The Lord did not long leave so earnest a seeker without the consolations of His presence. One day when he seemed to have reached the farthest extreme of anguish, that mighty word of promise fastened on his mind, "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." "My heart opened," *says he,* "the Sun of Righteousness dawned upon

it, bringing, in the wake of faith, grace, peace, and joy. My burden fell off: my fears of hell and of death were gone. 'Thou too art saved then,' said I to myself again and again, 'since thou art of the number of the lost.' Thus the God I sought revealed Himself to me. By His presence everything in the physical as well as in the moral world, seemed changed. I could say with Solomon, 'The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.' All nature seemed to wear a smile: I felt that I had passed from death unto life."

Rostan had now undergone the preparatory process which, whatever his future calling might be, made him a new man, and opened before him a career of usefulness. He fell, however, into an error into which many young converts are betrayed, viz., that of supposing the first victory to be final. Temptations and trials soon came, but the young Christian regained his peace by laying hold of the promises of the gospel. And while his spiritual progress during this winter was so marked, his intellectual development kept pace with it. The time, however, was come for the little school to disperse: with the return of summer the young mountaineers were recalled to the labours of the field.

During this summer of 1826, he revisited Piedmont, "where the work of God stood firm in the midst of enemies of all sorts." Then he

returned to help his parents in those agricultural labours which are crowded into the few short months of summer enjoyed by those climates. Afterwards he employed his leisure in evangelical toils; and endeavoured, in the absence of their pastor, to edify the little flock at Vars.

When the winter set in, he returned to Dormilhouse. Neff's normal school numbered this winter some twenty pupils, mostly new ones. Of those of the previous year twelve were already employed in schools, one in the Drôme, two in the Isère, and nine in the various valleys which were comprised in Neff's parish. Rostan himself had returned, not as a pupil, but as a master. "I am assisted," writes Neff, "by Jean Rostan, of Vars, one of my students, who is exceedingly intelligent and active." The young assistant showed himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him: the school continued to prosper under his management, as was proved by the progress of the pupils. The winter of 1826-7 was exceptionally severe. "The weather," writes Neff, "has been rigorous in the extreme: the falls of snow are very frequent, and when it becomes a little milder, a general thaw takes place: our hymns are often sung amid the roar of the avalanches, which, gliding along the smooth face of the glacier, hurl themselves from precipice to precipice, like vast cataracts of silver." Writing in *January,* he says: "We have been buried in four

feet of snow since the 1st of November. At this very moment a terrible blast is whirling the snow in thick blinding clouds. Travelling is exceedingly difficult and even dangerous among these valleys, particularly in the neighbourhood of Dormilhouse, by reason of the numerous avalanches falling everywhere."

Amid this unloosing of the powers of nature, the activity of the great missionary was not relaxed. He continued his journeys, accompanied by a few of his faithful pupils, and in particular by his intrepid assistant, who learned in his companionship to fear nothing while in the prosecution of his duty. Neff taught his pupils to face the greatest dangers, and by the serenity of his own brave heart he raised them above fear. This lowlander astonished the highlanders by his indomitable courage.

Many times, this winter, they were in peril of their lives. "One Sunday evening," writes Neff, "our scholars and many of the Dormilhouse people, while performing the ascent from La Combe, where they had been attending the service, barely escaped being overtaken by an avalanche: it rolled through a narrow defile between two groups of persons: a few seconds sooner or later, it would have plunged the flower of our youth into the depths of an unfathomable gorge. But He who commands the waves of the sea commands also the glaciers and the snow-drifts, *and preserves* His children in the midst of

danger." He adds: "The villages also have been frequently threatened, and on several occasions I have seen our stout-hearted mountaineers show signs of uneasiness. In fact, there are very few houses in these three valleys that have not more than once been grazed by this terrible scourge. But it is to this very thing they owe their existence, in a religious sense, and perhaps in all senses. Had this country been accessible and comfortably habitable, the people would have been exterminated, like the rest of the Vaudois, by the agents of the Inquisition."

These months were employed by Rostan in teaching and preaching under Neff's direction, and proved a useful apprenticeship. He spent the day in the midst of his pupils, and the evening in some one of the humble outhouses in which, in the absence of their pastor, the neighbours assembled to hear the Gospel from his young pupil. His long internal conflicts had prepared him for this work of lowly evangelization. In ideas, in judgment, in experience, he displayed a maturity beyond his years. His letters of this epoch, written to various Christian people in the valleys, though lacking those marks of originality impressed at a later date on all he wrote, are remarkable for their seriousness and ardent devotion. The good Christians of Le Haut-Queyras read them to each other in the evenings, *passed them* from one to another, and took copies

of them. We have often met with collections of these letters in the houses of the villagers, and shall borrow some extracts from them in succeeding chapters. The care with which they have been preserved sufficiently indicate the high place in the affections of the people thus early gained by the young usher of Dormilhouse.

But Rostan's field of activity was about to be considerably enlarged in consequence of an event which plunged the Christians of the Hautes Alpes in the deepest sadness.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUCCESSOR OF FELIX NEFF.

1827—1830.

THE four years Neff spent in the Hautes Alpes had ruined his health. The severe winter of 1826-7 had so prostrated him that, in the early part of the spring, it became necessary for him to seek a more favourable climate. Accordingly, in the beginning of May he bade a final adieu, as it proved, to the Alps. Our Elijah wished the same blessed Spirit who had never forsaken him to rest on his faithful Elisha. Thus he writes in his journal: "I besought our brother Rostan to carry on the work as far as possible, and to take several journeys among the different valleys during the course of the summer." To fill the place of this ardent evangelist was, however, a hard task, and one which for a moment daunted our young disciple. But he had accepted the responsibility laid upon him by his master, and he did not feel himself at liberty to retreat. At first every third Sabbath, and then every other throughout this summer, he preached in some of those localities which composed the great missionary's field of labour. In order not to put his parents to inconvenience *during the time* they had need of his help, he

returned home on the Sunday night from a distance of seven or eight leagues. At times, overcome by fatigue, he would sleep under the shelter of a hayrick till aroused by the coldness of the night, when he would bravely resume his journey.

We will allow him to tell his own tale respecting these first labours and experiences.

"*To* FELIX NEFF, *Geneva.*

"*Guillestre, July* 9, 1827.

"You will be glad, my dear friend, to learn what I am doing, and what is going on among our poor mountains. After bidding you farewell, I returned to Vars quite depressed, like a chick that has lost its mother, not knowing what was to become of me. I thought not, for the time, of the great Shepherd who Himself feeds His lambs by the still waters, and I forgot that those who trust in Him shall never want; but, since then, I have found that with Christ we can do all things. Mother F——, of Pierre-Grosse, appears to be alive from the dead, and to be seeking salvation, I will not say in the cross of Christ, for we never go there first, but at all events in sincere efforts. May the Lord soon transport her from Sinai to Calvary, and show her what the Son of Man suffered for her there! On the 25th, at Arvieux, I was delighted with some of our young people. The time is come when the deaf speak, and *the lame leap* for joy, praising and

glorifying God. M. S—— and M. P—— do not seem like the same creatures. At Vars, we are still lukewarm, as you know; nevertheless, Daniel and Susan continue to walk in the way of salvation.

The Lord has filled me with His grace, and has answered the prayers He Himself had put into my heart. I have many conflicts, but I see that, instead of rousing myself to fight, I ought to fall at the feet of Jesus, who strengtheneth me. My evil heart would puff itself up with pride, though it knows it only lives by grace; but the Lord takes care to humble me by afflictions. On week-days we are engaged in agricultural toils; and, when we have a moment to spare, instead of idling it away in folly, we employ it in reading, meditation, and prayer. May the holy and perfect will of God be done in our salvation!"

From May to November, 1827, Rostan improved his leisure time by carrying the message of mercy wherever the ministry of Neff had extended. The latter continued, even from such a distance as Geneva, to direct the work he loved so well. An excellent letter, addressed by him to his young friend about this time, is too interesting and does too much honour to both, to be withheld.

To my Son, JEANET ROSTAN.

Neff begins by reminding his young correspondent, who had expressed some desires relative to *the ministry*, of sundry pecuniary and other

difficulties which, for the time, seemed to him to close the door to theological studies; then he continues:—

". . . . But if the Lord should not think fit to lead you in this direction, and you should not know just now whether you will hereafter bear the official character of a preacher in the eyes of the world, that is no proof that the Lord of the harvest rejects your services, nor that you ought to retire from them. For it is evident that, as it respects the work of God, it is not human knowledge, nor systematic study, nor the approbation of men, any more than the costume and the title, that make the real workman. The Saviour calls and chooses whom He will, and Himself confers on them the necessary gifts; and often their obscure and perhaps contemned ministry is all the more blessed to simple souls who have known the Father. So, although the larger sphere of a regular minister is not to be despised, yet, if we are unable to attain to it, we must still believe that the Lord can and will employ us, in a manner less public, less honourable in the eyes of men, less agreeable perhaps to the flesh, but at the same time equally glorious in the sight of angels and of God Himself. Be of good courage, therefore, and, without disquieting yourself about the future, employ the present for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom, according as He directs you. . . . At the same time continue, when you are at Vars, to employ yourself in

manual labour, both because you are called to it by the circumstances of your lot, and because it will keep your body in health. Be prudent, husband your strength, take all reasonable care of yourself: above all, do not take too long journeys during the heat of the day. . . . I know that at your age, and with your strength, one scorns precautions, but that is only pride, and I am now paying the penalty for it: I desire my experience to be a warning to others. It is no time to husband our strength when it is spent.

"May the Lord bless you and strengthen you by His good Spirit, and give you the spirit of power, love, and a sound mind.

"Your devoted brother in Jesus Christ,

"F. NEFF."

At the close of one of his letters to his friend, Rostan announces his approaching departure for Montauban, for the purpose of pursuing a course of theological study. His gifts and success in the mission already accomplished clearly pointed out his true vocation: on all sides he was strongly urged to prepare for the office of the holy ministry. He, therefore, left for the Faculté de Montauban in the month of November, 1827. His stock of knowledge at this time was limited to what he had learned in the grammar school at La Tour and at Dormilhouse, besides what he had afterwards acquired himself. This barely comprised *the elements* of the ancient tongues, and could

not be said to include any acquaintance with theology, properly so called; hence his work at Montauban was at first all the more difficult. To this difficulty were added others of a different kind, and of which he had never thought, accustomed as he was to live on little, and at small expense. It must also be confessed that in this university town the young mountaineer found himself completely expatriated, not only in a physical, but in a spiritual sense. He missed the lofty mountain slopes, ploughed indeed in the winter by the course of the avalanche, yet in the summer clothed for months with luxuriant vegetation: but above all he missed the evening meetings, held in the close outhouses of the hamlets, where he had expounded the Gospel to attentive hearers; he missed his evangelistic tours, and the simple-minded people to whom he repeated the lessons he had learned, feeble disciple as he was, from his beloved master. Besides this, he was troubled at this time with a bodily affliction which affected his general health, and rendered mental toil exceedingly oppressive. These various considerations determined his return at the end of the academic year. We may add that our Alpine youth, taught by Neff to pay profound homage to the Word of God, had had his conscience frequently shocked by the theological speculations of some of the professors, as well as by the worldliness of a great number of the students.

Felix Neff had not forgotten him during this year of study, and had several times sent fatherly exhortations from Geneva, where he was still living, or rather slowly dying. These we have not in our possession, but we give a portion of one addressed to those of his pupils collectively, who were at this time studying at Montauban.

"FELIX NEFF *to his Pupils at Montauban.*

". . . . I have no need to tell you, my dear friends, how much I rejoice in your success. You are now embarked in a theological course, and shortly you will begin to preach as candidates for the ministry. Meantime, in my thanksgivings to our gracious God, I feel it necessary to implore Him to preserve you from pride, and to keep you amid the numerous temptations by which you are surrounded. Remember that most of the things you are learning are comparatively of little value in relation to the work of God, and that to a large extent they are more likely to inflate the soul and to destroy the simplicity of faith than to yield edification. It is to be desired that you should handle these things as a chemist handles poisons. Woe to you, if you give your heart to these things! Your position is the more dangerous, inasmuch as you passed directly from a state of absolute ignorance into the light of the Gospel. Hence the false lights which play around you have all the charm of novelty; while those who have only found repose at the feet of Jesus after long wandering in

these arid and waterless wastes, can never again be misled by false guides. Spare yourselves this sad experience: do not tempt the Lord by rashly plunging into those treacherous quicksands, those gloomy labyrinths, whither His Spirit does not engage to follow and protect you. Do not be presumptuous, do not think that you may venture everywhere with impunity. It is with the intellectual as with the spiritual man: cease to fear, and you already begin to love; cease to fight or to fly, and you are already being brought into bondage. Remember those happy seasons when you received the Gospel in simplicity of spirit; what more can you desire? Imagine yourselves in your own dear country, in your Alpine cottage homes, in the midst of our brothers and sisters who know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. What is there wanting to them, and what benefit could they receive from the company of the *savants* and professors of the present day, whose attainments you perhaps envy so much? I am no ignoramus, as you know; and of positive science, so long as we do not purchase it too dearly, in my opinion too much can scarcely be acquired. Be learned in the languages; study mathematics, history, natural science, as much as you will; and make this knowledge subservient to the interests of the kingdom of God. But in theology you have little to receive from your fellows: these are things which the Spirit alone can make known. On *this subject, do* not suffer any to drive you

from the field of Holy Writ, and steadily refuse all other testimony: combat, with charity and modesty, but at the same time with candour, the erroneous principles that may be submitted to you.

"Form no friendship with the students, except for their edification or your own: let conscience and the heart ever find a place in all your conversations; for when we address the intellect alone, it escapes us like a serpent. Remember you are at Montauban, not only to prepare for the ministry, but in some sense to exercise it already. If you wish to be truly the disciples of Christ, have oil in your lamps, have salt in yourselves; keep near to Jesus, the Source of all light; love one another; edify one another; avoid idle questionings; pray together, and join in firm phalanx like a body of foot soldiers attacked by cavalry. I repeat it, do not waste your time in useless things."

But, as we have said, the great missionary was dying. During the last days of his life he often spoke of his friends in the Alps. Four weeks before his death he dictated a few lines to his mother for them, and added with his own hand the following words:—"Once more adieu, my friends, of Dormilhouse and Freyssinières. With my own hand, for the last time, Adieu, till we meet in heaven! Felix Neff." Among his last words are found the following: "The Gospel is *true! true! true!*" He died as he had lived,

absorbed by the one idea which had occupied his noble and too brief career. This event took place April the 12th, 1829, in his thirty-second year.

The tidings of the decease of Felix Neff echoed mournfully through the valleys which he had been the means of evangelizing, and nowhere more mournfully than in the breast of young Rostan. In him he lost more than a father: there was no one whose sound judgment and warm affection could direct him at this critical epoch of his life, when the greatness of his aspirations was being continually combated by his sense of insufficiency. The best lesson that he had learned from his master was to trust in God rather than man. He was not discouraged, therefore, but pursued his work without taking thought for the morrow.

Not being able, however, from the physical infirmity which occasioned his return from Montauban, to visit his friends at Le Queyras and Freyssinières, so frequently as heretofore, he endeavoured to benefit them by his letters. A few extracts will acquaint us with the spirit of the young mountaineer at the period he had now reached.

"*To the* Sisters Philippe, *at Les Moulins d'Arvieux.*

"*Vars, October* 16, 1838.

"Beloved Sisters in our Saviour Jesus Christ,—*You will think* me negligent perhaps

in not answering your excellent letter. If I am so, it is because I hear a voice within me, saying, 'What wilt thou say that can edify them? for either thou must write such things as thy conscience will not sanction, or, if thou dost confess the truth, thou must give them pain.' 'And why so?' you will say. Because I am proud: often, indeed, does my heart tell me that I am but a hypocrite, a false disciple; and when I look within, I find nothing but grounds of condemnation; and this view of my corruption, like a thick smoke, obscures the Sun of Righteousness. And then, troubled and distressed, instead of going at once to the Saviour, I search for some good thing in myself; and, blind that I am, how can I expect good fruit unless I make the tree good? And how, without Jesus, can I make the tree good? I see, then, that it is necessary to go straight to the Saviour to obtain what I want; and since I know and am convinced of this by the Word of God, why do I not do it? O! deplorable blindness! extreme corruption! what hinders me from knowing thy depths? O! impenetrable unbelief! how long wilt thou resist the evidence of the truth? How long, my wicked heart, wilt thou seek thine own glory? How long wilt thou conceal thy faults, and show thyself unwilling to embrace by faith a freely offered salvation? Knowest thou not that for thee God 'hath made Him to be sin who *knew no sin*,' that by Him thou mightest 'be made

the righteousness of God?' Yes, thou knowest, and yet thou wilt not yield. What keeps thee back from the Saviour? Is it the sight of thy great misery? But remember that He whom thou durst not approach sees thee even as thou art, and that is why He saith to thee, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Take then, O God, and draw to Thyself this heart, which of myself I cannot give Thee! Subdue its resistance, and subject it to Thy holy will. And you, my dear brothers and sisters, pray for me; your prayers will avail much; they will be fulfilled—the Saviour has promised; and, resting on His promises, let us ask in faith. The Lord is favourable to us: He will bless us with His love."

"*To* MARIE PHILIPPE, *Les Moulins d'Arvieux.*

"HELL and heaven in the heart of the new man! Can you believe that the Christian carries in his breast these two extremes? The soul that has its eyes opened can believe it. The Christian who examines himself finds it to be so every day, every moment of his life. Whilst descending the Combe this morning, I clearly perceived it to be the case with my own heart. All my nature groaned with the thought that I saw hell within my breast. I see within me a sea of iniquities, an abyss, a gulf, which seems to open in order to swallow me up. At first I thought I was only ankle-deep in this impurity; then up to *the knees; then* up to the loins; but now I

see myself overwhelmed as in a tempestuous ocean; and, but that my Saviour stretches out His hand to me as He did to Peter, I should be already spiritually lost. Sometimes I see myself carried away as by a fearful torrent, which must inevitably prove my destruction, but that I am enabled with a trembling hand, a faith still feeble, to grasp the Root of Jesse, which, wrapping its fibres about me, rescues me from the water-flood. Shall I glorify myself on this account? O my soul, give glory to thy Deliverer: watch, pray, and labour all thy days with fear and trembling."

From these extracts we see that the piety of young Rostan was not without frequent conflicts. What strikes us also in his letters of this period is his profound and unaffected humility. This youth of two-and-twenty knew how to sound the depths of his spiritual life, and to search into its most hidden sources: he shrank not, we may be well assured, from the difficulties which daunt so many.

The winter of 1828-9 was spent by him at Dormilhouse, as master of the school. During these long and dreary months he engaged actively in the work of God, not only among the children committed to his care, but also among the people generally. Every evening he conducted a meeting for instruction and prayer. It was at this period that *through his* instrumentality a revival spread

through the valleys of Le Queyras and Freyssinières, the recollection of which is still fresh in the minds of the older inhabitants. In the spring, he visited the Vaudois valleys belonging to Piedmont. Of this visit he gives the following account in a letter to one of his friends at Arvieux:—

"*To* MARIE PHILIPPE, *at Les Moulins d'Arvieux.*

Vars, July 16, 1829.

"BELOVED SISTER IN JESUS CHRIST,—I write these few lines to inform you of my return from the valleys. I reached them in good health, after having, however, suffered much in passing Mount Fontgillarde. Thence I went forward to St. Véran: on seeing the condition into which this poor church has fallen, I could not but groan within myself. But if I was saddened here, I was rejoiced at the state of things in the Valleys: it is for them the spring-time of a new life. Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. The month I spent there was employed in visiting. In addition to this, we had a numerous gathering every evening. These visits and meetings were abundantly blessed. Many a prodigal has returned to his Father; many a Peter has wept bitterly over his past and present faults; many a Saul has been struck to the earth on the way to Damascus: whether of such it can be said as yet, 'Behold, he prayeth,' I do not know; but Jesus of Nazareth, whom they persecuted, knows. He sees them and

hears them: the Scribes and Pharisees have consulted together to prevent these new apostles from proclaiming Christ to the world; but I am persuaded that if they are brought before the council, they will come forth from it rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer something for the name of Jesus, their Lord and ours."

The following winter Rostan again returned to superintend the Dormilhouse school, where he continued to make himself useful in various ways. The letters he wrote at this period were numerous; but we must limit ourselves to very brief extracts. In one of these letters he gently reproves his friends at Arvieux, because they had expressed themselves as feeling unworthy to speak to him. This shows sufficiently in what esteem the piety and gifts of the young Christian were held among the parishioners of Felix Neff. He was considered as his legitimate successor, notwithstanding that he was not regularly employed in the work of evangelization. The expression pained him greatly, and he did not conceal it: "No, my dear sisters," he replied, "do not speak in this way: this would be to open the door to the enemy—pride. Thank God, He has caused what you have said to turn to my profit, by showing me how far I am from being what you suppose me. If it were true that you were unworthy to speak to the children of God, you would be still more unworthy to speak to the Father; and,

since you dare speak to the Father, you may with equal liberty speak to His children, your brethren and sisters."

The following letter shall close this chapter:—

"*To* MARIE SIMON, *La Chalp d'Arvieux.*

"*Vars, April* 22, 1830.

"DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED SISTERS,—Now that we approach the season of labour, of heat, and consequently of fatigue, it is generally easier to neglect the one thing needful, and to sleep in the arms of self-security and lukewarmness. O how necessary it is for us to hear the voice of the sentinel crying, Watch and pray; for the enemy slumbers not, but is going about, 'seeking whom he may devour!' Watch, for 'the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Watch, for the Bridegroom cometh in such an hour as ye think not. . . . Let us not be lifted up by pride, but let us fear. The water only continues to boil as long as the fire heats it. Let the sacred fire be ever kept burning in our hearts. But while we keep our sins and infirmities always before our eyes, in order to make us sensible at all times how much we need the grace of our Saviour, let there be heard among His ransomed ones, not complaints and groanings, but rather thanksgivings: 'for the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs: joy and gladness shall be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

'There is ingratitude and unbelief in that humility which, under the pretext of unw ness, dares not rejoice in the glorious promi God. Let us grasp the promises as an a sure and steadfast. It is by these we be partakers of the Divine nature. It is only we have believed the good news of our salv that we can be sealed with that Holy Spi promise.'"

(These last sentences are copied from a let Felix Neff's.)

CHAPTER III.

THE COLPORTEUR.

1830—1833.

We will allow Rostan to describe in his own words what was working in his mind, and how his thoughts turned toward a new vocation: "The children of God whom I visited were unanimous in assuring me that I was not called to cultivate the soil, but to preach the Gospel, and were constantly exhorting me to give myself wholly to the work. But, on the one hand, I did not see how it could be accomplished; and, on the other, my sense of incapacity was so great that, whenever the subject was mentioned, I shrugged my shoulders and turned the conversation. In the meanwhile, my conscience was troubled: I lost my peace, my joy, my rest. At last, not seeing any door open to me in this direction, my convictions underwent a change, and I desired to be employed in the work of God, at least as a colporteur."

Accordingly, in the winter of 1830-1 Rostan quitted his beloved Alps, for the purpose of vending the Scriptures. Generally, he hired a mule to carry his load of books: at other times, he shouldered the pack himself. The following letter details some incidents of travel:—

"To Mademoiselle Susan Baridon.

"*Vars, January* 8, 1831.

"Dear Sister in Christ,— . . . On the 6th instant I met a young woman with two children, and an aged woman, who was reading to them out of a Roman-Catholic missal. Exhausted with cold, fatigue, and hunger, (for it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had not broken my fast,) I sat down beside the reader, and begged her to continue: she then recommenced the prayer, and read with great fervour of spirit, explaining what she thought I did not understand. Then she began another, and after that another, and would have kept on, but that I interrupted her by asking if she found any real edification in this exercise; to which she answered, 'I would not give up this book for all the wealth of Embrun. I know of no greater good,' she added, 'but I have been told this night that I should receive something greater, and perhaps it is you, my son, who are to give it me.' Then, addressing herself to the young woman, 'O! if you knew,' said she, 'how sweet it is to love the Lord, and to serve Him in simplicity of heart!' 'How do you expect to be saved?' said I. 'Ah! my child,' replied she, 'I hope to be saved by grace, and by doing what is right.' I saw that she had no clear idea of salvation, and spoke to her of the fall of man, and of the unspeakable love of Him, who 'gave His only

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and while I spoke, torrents of tears rolled down her cheeks: what I felt is more than I can express. At this moment I became so faint with hunger, that I asked the young woman for a morsel of bread and a glass of wine, which I said I would pay for. After partaking of this refreshment, I continued to speak to them of Christ. The aged female said to the younger, 'God is full of goodness: He has sent one of His children to comfort us, for many of my difficulties have vanished while I have been listening to him.' I proposed prayer: after I had finished, they remained on their knees some minutes, and then rose up, quite astonished to have heard me pray extempore. I wished to pay the young woman for what I had had, but she would not allow it; so I gave her several religious tracts, which she joyfully accepted. We shook hands heartily at parting, and they accompanied me to the door with many thanks, and all sorts of benedictions.

"On the 7th I was at Crevoux. In the evening, at a meeting where about fifty people were assembled, I read two tracts, 'Rose; or, the Last Night,' and the 'Conversation between Two Villagers.' All kept silence, and paid great attention. After I had finished, one of the auditors rose and said: 'We have no need of any other preacher; let us get our priest's gown and

put it on the colporteur: he shall be our priest, for he knows more than ours.' After thanking him for the compliment, I held a long conversation with him about religion, which was attentively followed by all the assembly; for it was one of the chief men of the place who talked with me. As a result of all this, I sold a good many religious tracts. The priest bought an 'Almanac of Good Advice,' and several tracts, which he found very instructive. He testified his satisfaction at my having provided so many of his parishioners with copies of the New Testament. The *maire*, with whom I lodged, and to whom I had spoken of the object of the Bible Society, made me promise to send him a large-type Bible, which I took with me on my second visit.

"On Sunday, the 9th, I met several persons at Guillestre, and spoke to them from Isaiah xii. The Lord blessed my meditations on the text; but, alas! my hearers were nearly all deaf and dumb. In the evening I came up here to instruct the catechumens."

During the next winter, Rostan continued his journeys in Dauphiny and Provence. His work was everywhere prospered and blessed, as is proved by the postscript of the following letter, which also shows with what a vigilant eye the colporteur scrutinized his own interior *life.*

"*To* Miss Susan Baridon, *Dormilhouse.*

"*Manosque, March* 25, 1832.

"Dear Sister,— . . . The voice of my conscience, and the opinion entertained of me by my friends, are quite contrary to each other. They think me great in the kingdom of heaven,—I mean the church,—and my heart tells me that I am less than the least; that I have but a name to live; and that if I were alive indeed, I should hate sin more than I do; that I should be more humble, recollected, and serious. I desire, and I desire not: I fear the wrath to come, and I do not always do what I ought and wish to do in order to escape it: I ought to be wholly the Lord's, and yet I am worldly. If any speak to me of the joy and happiness to be found in the service of God, I suffer, because it is otherwise with me; and yet I believe myself to be a Christian, and should be ashamed in the presence of any child of God, if he told me that I was not. But if it be so that often I dare not call God my God, and myself His child, it is, I believe, on account of my pride and levity. I would find some refuge in self, and the Lord would have me wholly dependent on Him; so He takes care to blast my proud pretensions, in order that, like Israel in the wilderness, I may go out morning by morning to gather the manna that is to be found in the Word of God and prayer.

"P.S.—Our sale of books continues to prosper.

In one village, distinguished for fanaticism and irreligion, God enabled me to dispose of sixty-three copies of His Holy Word in one day. Will Satan keep silence? I doubt it; for I can say of the sale of the Scriptures what Luther said of the preaching of the Gospel,—It is this that causes commotion. At this very moment, in Manosque, the minds of men are all engrossed by the gospel of Christ. Some compare it with other editions, some with the Latin, some again with the Greek. 'So far,' said a schoolmaster to me, 'we have found no false translations.' Merchants, schoolmasters, and other people of leisure, are all interested. The *curé*, who has not yet dared to preach publicly that our books are evil, goes from house to house, forbidding the people to buy them. But, meanwhile, several of the so-called *religieuses*, who have not yet been forbidden, continue buying: this is surely of God. The majority of the people think me a Jesuit, for they know not the origin and tendencies of the work."

During the period he was employed in this work, embracing more than two years and a half, Rostan evidently acquired special aptitude for such a mission. He gave himself up to it body and soul, and the amount of good done can never be known. "The blessing of the Most High," he writes, "rested upon me: I sowed the Word of Life from morning to night, with my hands

and with my voice, among rich and poor, Catholics and Protestants."

God was about to open to him a sphere of activity long an object of desire, but the very expectation of which was now to all appearance abandoned. The instrument employed for this purpose was the Rev. Henri de Jersey, then residing at Lourmarin. This venerable servant of God has communicated some particulars respecting the circumstances which led him to intercourse with our colporteur in the early part of 1832. "One day," says M. de Jersey, "I stopped at Pertuis on my way home. It was a fair-day, and I happened to meet a man carrying a Bible in one hand, and in the other the 'Almanac of Good Advice.' Rejoiced at this discovery, I made up to him, and, to try him, put questions concerning the character of his wares. He found no difficulty in answering my questions, and set himself with much earnestness to extol the Sacred Volume, and to press it on the attention of this gentleman, whom he evidently took for a Roman-Catholic priest or an infidel. 'Who are you?' I said at last. 'My name is Rostan,' he replied. I gave him my address, and two days after I had the pleasure of receiving the zealous colporteur under my roof at Lourmarin, and of conversing at length with him respecting the work in which he was engaged. Some time after, on his return to the Alps, I accompanied him as far as Cabrières d'Aigues, about three leagues from

Lourmarin, where I held a meeting every three weeks. On the way, we had a conversation about the Methodist Church, its doctrines, discipline, &c.; and I found brother Rostan perfectly one with us on these points: he was already a Methodist in spirit, though not yet in name."

Before pointing out the results of this interview, we must refer to a missionary tour through the Vaudois valleys, undertaken by our young colporteur in company with M. Ehrmann, Neff's successor, and his new friend, M. de Jersey. On their arrival in Piedmont, they put themselves in communication with the few Christians to be found among the valleys, and every evening conducted meetings at various places throughout the district. On the 25th of November, Rostan went up to La Tour, accompanied by a cousin of his, M. Antoine Blanc, one of the most devoted Christians in the country. They expected but a scanty gathering, particularly as they knew the general hostility of the population. What was their astonishment to find the place where they were to hold the meeting filled to overflowing! Rostan, though he clearly perceived that all were not animated by the purest motives, was not the man to be intimidated; and the opportunity was too promising to be allowed to slip. We have before us the notes of an eye-witness, which attest the effect produced by his earnest and original discourse. Our mountaineer addressed to these *degenerate* Vaudois a few plain words of truth.

The freedom of these remarks displeased the crowd, easily irritated because proud of a past which they could not understand: and though they knew how to restrain themselves while the young Frenchman was speaking, he could easily discern the sullen anger that prevailed among his audience. No sooner was the assembly dismissed, than the storm broke: our pious friends had peaceably set out on their way home, but soon found that they were pursued. Presently a shower of stones assailed them: these were the ungracious thanks of the people of Les Chabriols. The young Alpine, who among his own mountains had been accustomed to a different reception, himself received a blow which nearly felled him to the ground. Common sense counselled flight; and, favoured by the darkness, our friends escaped the aggressors, whose frightful blasphemies they could still hear resounding in their rear. Some female friends who had accompanied the evangelists and had remained behind, were ill treated by these furies; and it is more than probable that they would have proceeded to the farthest lengths of brutality and violence if "the Frenchman," as they called him, and his companion had fallen into their hands.

Rostan, after taking counsel with his friends, thought it his duty to lay a complaint before the Syndic of La Tour; who, although a Catholic, received *him kindly,* and promised speedy justice.

Unfortunately, this official had to leave for Turin on business. Before leaving, he charged the Vice-Syndic to follow up the matter. This man was a Protestant, and even boasted of being the last descendant of the great Arnaud, one of the early chiefs of the Vaudois. He, however, instead of summoning the evil-doers, turned the tables on the friends of Rostan, and summoned them instead; not being able to cite him personally, because he had returned to France. They were severely reprimanded, and condemned in costs. This very remarkable species of justice resulted in a fresh outbreak of persecution. By this means a local disturbance, that might have been easily suppressed, was fanned into a general aggression against the "mummers," (*môміers,*) as they were called. The pastor at La Tour undertook to denounce from the pulpit the adherents of "this new religion." We cannot detail the history of the persecution: suffice it to say that the victory remained on the side of the Gospel, and that the seed sown by our pious travellers brought forth abundant fruit.

This evangelistic tour had, however, another effect. It confirmed in the mind of M. de Jersey a conviction he had for some time entertained, that his young brother possessed the qualifications necessary for the ministry of the Word. After his return, he wrote to him on the subject, urging him strongly to devote himself to this *great work,* and even offering a temporary post

in Languedoc. When he received this letter, Rostan almost fainted away. In his reply, the reader will easily discover, not that affected modesty which only retreats in order to be pursued, but a sincere shrinking from a position involving in his view, and justly so, an overwhelming responsibility.

"*To* M. HENRI DE JERSEY, *Pastor, Lourmarin.*

"*Vars, December* 31, 1832.

"DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—If I did not know something of the heart which God declares to be 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' I should ask you how it happens that your letter, so far from having given me pleasure, has saddened my spirit and made my flesh to tremble. My whole being shrinks from such a vocation. I perceive also that I am not persuasive in my discourses, for want of clear ideas on the subjects I attempt. I have tried, when I have had time, to meditate on various topics in order to composition, but I have not the gift. For lack of gifts, I remain without ideas, so that I have always spoken extemporaneously on familiar texts: the result is a confusion, which may not indeed be perceived by those I speak to in this country, because they are ignorant, but which in other parts would do more harm than good.

"All this convinces me that I am not fit for the work. I speak as before God. I do not feel myself inwardly called, as I did in the time of my 'first love;' and the sense of my unfaithful-

ness not only stands between me and this calling, but sometimes makes me doubt even the reality of my adoption. My heart is fickle and unstable, and does not rejoice as aforetime in the presence of God. To speak to others of the love of Jesus, one must be filled with it oneself. For I believe only that which proceeds from the heart reaches the heart, while that which only proceeds from the lips barely reaches the ear.

"I believe, therefore, that I ought to continue my work as a colporteur, for which I now have a strong liking; and the bread thus cast on the waters shall be seen after many days. I seem to see the pain the present letter will occasion you, but I can only speak according to my convictions. Pray for me, dear brother, pray for my complete sanctification, and that my heart may become as clay in the hands of the potter, to answer all His will! God grant me grace to be, through life,

"Your devoted brother in Jesus Christ."

Happily, M. de Jersey did not deem himself beaten. "I hoped," says Rostan, "that he would not answer me, and that so I should remain in my obscurity. But no!—a second letter came. The sight of it almost made me swoon away. I dared not open it, because I anticipated its contents. I even wished to die, in order to escape the vocation of an evangelist: the thought of the judgment to come alone restrained me. I consulted my parents, in the secret hope that they

would hinder me; but they left me free. My mind was a veritable chaos: I was willing, and unwilling too. It was hard to yield, and harder still to 'kick against the pricks.' I said, 'Lord, let me know Thy will;' but in my heart I strongly wished it might accord with mine. Such was my conflict. At last, after many struggles, sighs, and prayers, I suddenly felt my will to yield. 'Feed My sheep, feed My sheep'—these were the words I heard distinctly in a dream. My conflicts ended from the very moment of my submission. I cannot say with Paul, 'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision,' 'I conferred not with flesh and blood;' but rather with Jeremiah, 'O Lord, Thou hast persuaded me, and I was persuaded: Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed.' (Jer. xx. 7.)"

On the 24th of January, 1833, he addressed the following lines to M. H. de Jersey.

"Dear Brother in Jesus Christ,—With the help of God, I will come and join you before the 15th of February; being persuaded that, if God calls me to this work, He will bless me. If, on the contrary, it is only a human call, and it becomes my duty to return, I shall not have to regret that I did not make the attempt. But pray for me, that it may be given me to wax strong in the inner man, and that I may live as Jesus lived below."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSIONARY'S FIRST EFFORTS.—LA VAUNAGE AND LES CEVENNES.—FIRST MISSION IN THE ALPS.

1833—4.

La Vaunage, that district of the South of France in which Rostan was called to commence his ministry, was, during the time of the persecutions, one of the strongholds of Protestantism: the Huguenots called it "Little Canaan," on account of the piety of its inhabitants. Even at the present day, a large proportion of the population belongs to the Reformed Church, and some of the largest villages are almost entirely Protestant. The people, however, while retaining a chivalrous attachment to the faith of their fathers, had gradually lost the knowledge of that faith: their attendance at places of worship declined, and there resulted a sad state of religious indifference.

Such was the condition of things when M. Cook took up his residence in La Vaunage in 1821. Congénies became the centre of the missionary work inaugurated by this man of God; and his apostolic labours, followed up by those of Messieurs de Jersey, Renier, Henri Martin, and Lelièvre, had already borne abundant fruit

when young Rostan arrived in the early part of 1833.

Rostan had yet to pass through a period of doubt and discouragement, before he attained a clear and irresistible conviction of his call. Scarcely had he arrived, when he was again overwhelmed by the sense of his incapacity. A complete prostration was the immediate result: he could neither pray, nor read, nor eat, nor sleep; so that he was on the point of resolving to return to his native mountains. M. Renier, to whom he unbosomed his feelings, strove to dissuade him, and by way of encouragement accompanied him for more than a fortnight on his various journeys.

What dismayed Rostan was, the disparity he discovered between his own experience and that of the Christians of La Vaunage. These Christians, under Methodist preaching, had been led to see the necessity of a complete consecration to the service of God, and some of them already enjoyed entire sanctification. Happily for our missionary, he was not long in finding out that the almost infinite distance which he thought he perceived between his experience and theirs was not absolutely impassable. To this crisis of doubt and dejection soon succeeded one of a more salutary nature, and which marked an epoch in the Christian career of Jean Rostan. The most complete account of it that he has written is the following, addressed to M. Cook.

"*To* M. CHARLES COOK, *Pastor, Nimes.*

"*Vauvert, July* 2, 1833.

"VERY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—Not wishing to hold the truth captive in unrighteousness, but to declare it to the praise of the glory of God's grace, which has been poured out on many, I give you here a short account of what has taken place at Vauvert and in its vicinity since the beginning of May. But, before entering into details, I will tell you how the Lord prepared me to receive the blessing of a pure heart, which has been the means of renewing the revival that occurred here at the beginning of 1832, under the instrumentality of brother Lelièvre.

"I received the pardon of my sins in 1826 or 27, and, with this inestimable grace, the peace and joy which are the gift of the Holy Ghost. I believed myself saved from all sin, and did not think I should need any greater deliverance: my enemies disappeared, and for awhile I enjoyed true peace. I thought this happy and prosperous state would last for ever; but suddenly my natural propensities manifested themselves anew: the murderer of souls displayed himself before me as a roaring lion, and Satan's accomplices in my own heart showed their presence, and betrayed me. Sometimes I was conqueror, sometimes conquered; and I was often made unhappy by the conflict of the flesh and the Spirit, from which I thought I should never be free until death.

"In 1832, T——, in speaking of the work of God in La Vaunage, said that he knew several persons at Vauvert who were sanctified. This I could scarcely believe, seeing how false my notions were of the blessing. 'But,' I said, 'do they never sin? are they never tempted?' These questions he could not answer, being a stranger to the subject himself. In the meantime I read two sermons on Christian liberty, one by John Wesley, from 1 John iii. 9, the other by W. Fish, from Rom. vii.; which convinced me that I was not yet fully set free. I then began to seek perfect liberty, or that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord; but I did not seek it with sufficient earnestness, nor with sufficient faith. At length, called by Providence to labour in this country, I had the opportunity of seeing those persons of whom T—— had spoken. I observed their conduct, their language, and their experience in the class-meetings; which differed as much from that of the majority of the justified as the light of noonday from the dawn. Hereby I was fully convinced that I was not sanctified. It was in the month of April that I began seriously to seek this blessing; and sister Papinaud, who knew from the time I first lodged with her, that I did not possess it, prayed earnestly for me in secret. She prayed night and day: often she could not sleep, so plainly did she perceive the necessities of God's people. On the night of the 30th of April, many persons could not sleep, being

constrained to cry aloud to God. It seemed to me that night as though I were sensibly lying on the bosom of my Saviour. I passed the first and second of May in fervent prayer, studying the Bible, and reading a 'Dialogue on Sanctification,' which was of great use to me. In the midst of doubts, distractions, and a thousand temptations, I stayed myself night and day on the promises of God. I wrestled with the resolution of Jacob, but my heart remained cold, hard, and insensible. I wished to believe, but could not. I dedicated my whole being to God, asking that I might lie in His hands as clay in the hands of the potter; but I found no encouragement, because I waited for visions to enable me to believe. However, on the 2nd I was greatly relieved of the burden which oppressed me, and believed that this was the answer to my prayers: having mentioned it to several friends, they gave me to understand that this was not sanctification. I redoubled my efforts, having a presentiment that deliverance was not far off, if I only continued faithful in seeking it. On the morning of the 3rd, Sister Papinaud, being informed of my state, which was still wretched enough, told me to take courage, and that she had been assured while praying in the night that I should receive the blessing before Sunday. It was Friday when she told me this. At these words, I smiled and sighed by turns. At family prayer, which took place at *9 A.M.*, there was for the first time a great out-

pouring. About 11 o'clock, when about eight of us were together, two of whom were sanctified, brother Lelièvre spoke to us for a while on the necessity of receiving a clean heart; after which we bowed our knees before the Author of every perfect gift, in order to seek the fulfilment of His promises. We prayed in turn many times, till we were baptized with the Holy Ghost and the fire of Divine love. In less than an hour all our hearts were bowed in submission to the obedience of Christ: three received the witness of the Spirit at the same moment, but I did not receive it till some days after; and till then, though I felt myself delivered from my natural corruption, and that I had the peace and joy which are the gift of the Holy Ghost, I was continually doubting and reasoning with the adversary, who suggested that these were mere emotions, and not the deliverance I sought. But from the moment I received the witness of the Holy Spirit, all my doubts disappeared; and I felt all the force of that truth of Scripture, that they which are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. I was many days without experiencing the least temptation; but I watched and prayed, knowing that temptations would return. Still, I could say, and can say even now, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me!'

"The news of this outpouring spread among the friends, and produced ardent desires to obtain for themselves this great deliverance. The next

day, at family prayer, the power of God so rested on the people that I expected to see the whole of them prostrated: one sister was sanctified, and many persons fell insensible. I was as if stupefied, for I had never seen the like.

"On Sunday the 5th, at the class-meeting, the thoughts of many hearts were revealed: souls came, as in the days of John the Baptist, confessing their sins. After the public service, which took place at two o'clock, such persons as were labouring to obtain the pardon of their sins or sanctification were invited to retire to a room apart, where they were prayed for. At first there were about a dozen, but this number was afterwards nearly trebled. The power of God was so manifested in the spirit of prayer and conviction, that for some time nothing was heard but sobs and cries of distress as for an only son. It was as in those days of which Jesus said that the dead were raised, the dumb spoke, the sick and the palsied were made whole, and the poor had the Gospel preached to them. Many persons were convinced of sin: some were justified, others were sanctified. Never had I heard such prayer in *patois* as I heard that day. No minister, philosopher, or theologian who was unconverted, could have framed such prayers, for it was the Spirit of God who prayed by them. The souls of all were refreshed: peace, joy, and thanksgivings soon succeeded to mourning.

"*On the* Monday, I went to preach at Le

Caylar, and thence passed on through La Vaunage, preaching everywhere entire sanctification, and relating in part what had happened in Vauvert. Some persons were stirred up to seek it, and in less than three weeks two sisters obtained it. On my return to Vauvert, I found the work of God still flourishing, thanks to the care of brother Lelièvre and the more advanced among the friends.

"On the 26th, Whit-Sunday, our souls were refreshed again. A——, a colporteur, rejoiced our hearts greatly by relating how he had obtained the blessing of deliverance from all sin. On the Monday, we rose at three o'clock, T. R—— and myself: he was in distress for sanctification, and obtained it while at prayer about day-break. Soon after, I left for Le Caylar: the souls that had been in distress since my previous visit received the Word in the joy of the Holy Ghost. While I was speaking at the class-meeting, sister J—— fell on her face, crying, 'Lord, give me Thy grace: save my soul!' Her utterance was choked with sobs, so that she could not continue praying. I prayed for her. Soon she rose in an ecstasy, exclaiming, 'I know not where I am! O, my Father, what love! what love, my Father, what love! what peace, what joy, what happiness I taste!' Her eyes sparkled with joy: she seemed like an angel in the midst of the meeting. Madame D——, having asked to be prayed for, sister J—— *kneeled* by her side and prayed

as she had never prayed before, till the sister for whom she interceded received consolation. Afterwards, J. P—— prayed under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and we felt as if covered with a cloud of glory: the presence of the Most High filled the place, or rather filled our hearts. We wished to sing some verses of a hymn, but our emotions were such that we could not; and we were constrained to cry, 'Lord, enlarge our hearts!' In the evening, on my return to Vauvert, I recounted to our friends the wonders of the Lord; and they rejoiced in Him with thanksgivings. While we knelt down to give glory to God for these deliverances, we were absorbed in the love of God. Many friends, without knowing of it, but impelled by the Spirit of God like Simeon of old when he went into the temple, came and joined us. M——, who knew nothing of what had passed during the day, was strongly impressed that he should find some blessing at the house of sister Papinaud. He came, and to his great surprise was arrested as he entered the house by a holy power: he fell on his face, bathed in tears, was soon relieved of his distress, and a few days after was sanctified. At the same time, the father of H——, who was strongly opposed to the Gospel, and who was sick, was converted, God having blessed the frequent visits paid to him by our friends: he died in the Lord, after having set to his seal that God is true.

"*On the* 9th of June we had a fast-day at

Vauvert. B—— came from Aubais, and J. L—— from Saussines, though we began at five o'clock in the morning; and they did not return empty away, for, as of old, Jesus had pity on those that came from far: they returned with pure hearts, and souls burning with holy zeal to announce among their friends the wonders of the Lord, and, like John the Baptist, to prepare the way before Him.

"Since then, the work of God has been advancing, though in a less striking manner, and the souls of the people wax stronger and stronger; but they have need of counsel and encouragement, till they become strong as the cedars of Lebanon, for the Adversary is nigh who accuses them night and day, and who has sworn their destruction. We hope these are but drops before a more abundant shower. O! if all Christians only said in faith, 'Thy kingdom come,' the will of God, which is our sanctification, would then be done, and His name hallowed.

"P.S.—I ought to add that, for some days, it was suggested to me not to tell any one that I was sanctified, and that it was enough to say I had been blessed. I wished to be wiser than God. 'If you commit the least fault,' I said to myself, 'you will be a stumbling-block to all; and besides, everybody's eyes will be upon you.' But, being pressed to give an account of the grace I had received to those to whom I preached it, I did so; and since then this confession has seemed *to be as a* buckler to me. I mean that

I feel myself stronger, that I stand more on my guard, and enjoy a greater liberty and a clearer witness."

In the autumn, Rostan went on a missionary tour through the Cevennes, which resulted in the opening of many localities to the Methodist ministry. After his return, he threw himself heartily into the work at Vauvert. How it continued to prosper is shown by the following letter:—

"*To* M. H. DE JERSEY, *Pastor, Paris.*

"*Vauvert, November* 6, 1833.

". . . Do you know that our friends at Vauvert, roused to emulation by those of Congénies, are proposing to buy the house in which brother Papinaud lives, in order to turn it into a chapel and minister's house. You know that among them, as at Corinth of old, there are not many noble, not many rich, not many wise, though in another sense they are all noble, and rich, and wise. The expense would be about £250. The Lord put it into the heart of one sister, who had already subscribed 150 francs, to give 300 more for this purpose. 'But, Lord,' she replied, 'I shall be turned out of my house, and reduced to beggary.' 'Remember Madame Fletcher,' was the reply. Unable to reason any longer, she exclaimed, 'Lord, subdue my will, that Thy will may be done.' A brother, on being asked, 'And what wilt thou give to the Lord?' answered, 'I am

ready to give all I have, even to my vest. If we lend to the Lord, He will pay us again.' Another sister said she would sell all she had, even to her wardrobe. Many ear-rings and neck-laces are already sacrificed to this good work. There are wives and widows who have given their wedding-rings. D——, who was the first to offer anything, came to me full of joy, and said: 'I have nothing but four sous: here they are, I give them willingly.' Yes, it was but four sous, and her heart; but I consider those four sous as the four corner-stones on which we are to build a holy Bethel."

After another brief sojourn among the Cevennes, Rostan returned to his flock in La Vaunage more courageous than ever. He was constrained to exclaim, with joy, "La Vaunage is becoming an Eden: grace is flowing there in torrents, the prejudiced are yielding by hundreds: it is the Lord's own work." He closed the year in the midst of his beloved church at Vauvert, preaching at the watch-night from "Spare it yet another year!" This first year of his ministry wrought in him a complete transformation, and clearly revealed his mission. In less than ten months, the young Alpine shepherd, so timid and fearful, had become the intrepid missionary.

Early in 1834, Rostan prepared to respond to the reiterated appeals of his parents and friends in the Alps, and to visit these lofty regions.

This he did, less in order to satisfy his very natural desire to see his parents, than to communicate to them the great things which had come to pass with regard to his own interior life. Shortly after his arrival, he thus writes:—

"*To* M. CHARLES COOK, *Pastor, Nîmes.*

"*Guillestre, January* 28, 1834.

"AT Vars, where there are only six Protestant families, I have been enabled to organise a class of ten members converted or awakened; at Freyssinières I formed two, one of eight, the other of twenty members. I have proposed to establish a mission here: everybody is anxious for it, and we are received with open arms. One said, 'I will give a *septier* of cheese toward this work;' another, 'I will give a sheep;' a third, 'I will do all that I can.' The heads of families have held counsel, to see what they could do if we came among them: I believe they have resolved to give two hundred francs in kind. Our poor people here have little money, except when they have sold a few sheep, or a few coarse linen cloths."

Rostan spent a month and a half among his beloved valleys, and the time was well employed. In spite of the snow, which, at this season of the year, encumbers the roads connecting the different hamlets, he literally scoured the country; seeking *everywhere* to unite the mountaineers, and to

revive in them the spiritual life which had lain too dormant since the days of Felix Neff. Wishful to crowd as much labour as possible into a very limited space of time, his zeal made light of fatigue and danger; and, robust as was his constitution, he often exceeded the measure of his strength. He began to suffer severe pains, which enforced a few days' rest. As soon as he was able, he returned to his charge. He had reason to be thankful that he had returned so soon, for he found that, during his absence, petty divisions had troubled the peace of his flock at Vauvert. He put forth his best efforts to restore harmony and fraternal feeling. "I had to pray and labour hard," says he, "for the removal of the stumbling-block. At length God has removed it, for which blessed be His name!" The following letter, which touches on this delicate subject, shows with what tact Rostan could perform, even at this early period, one of the most difficult tasks of the Christian ministry:—

"*To* Mademoiselle Henriette Maroger,
Le Caylar.
"*Vauvert, March* 15, 1834.

"Dear Henrietta,—I have just received your letter. I am well satisfied that you have applied to yourself what I said when expounding the fourth chapter of Ephesians. If the things I said were not appropriate to your condition, you would certainly *not so have* applied them. The rebukes

and reproofs of the children of God only condemn us in so far as there is in our hearts any occasion for condemnation, and then it is not they who condemn us, but our own heart: now, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart. You wish me not to flatter Henrietta, but to speak to her the 'truth in love.' That is what I wish to do, by the help of God.

"I observe that in your request you put truth first and then love; that is to say, that truth, like a lancet, must first probe the wound, and then charity must come to pour in the oil of consolation. Let us strive to imitate those good physicians, who do not fear to make their patients suffer a little in order to heal them, rather than administer palliatives, and let them perish.

"Let Truth first speak, then, and tell us whether Henrietta does not still seek *a little* approbation from men; whether her disposition is not still *a little* prone to imperiousness; whether there is not still in her *a little* spiritual pride in disguise, and whether *sometimes* (I do not say always) this pride does not give birth to a false shame, which hinders her from communion with the other members who are less respectable. Let Truth tell us if this false shame does not hinder Henrietta *sometimes* from making known to others certain personal experiences through fear of being humbled too much, and whether *sometimes* this thought has not powerfully impressed her mind: '*Thou art* not sanctified: thou mightest have

been, but thou hast lost this blessing, for a sanctified person has perfect charity and perfect humility.'

"I think now the wound is sufficiently probed. Let Charity next speak, that other child of heaven.

"'My dear daughter,' says Charity, 'is thy heart grieved at what has been said by severe but beneficent Truth? Well, my daughter, remember that if any man sin, there is an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous. Remember that there is balm in Gilead, for the healing of thy wound, and that there are physicians there. Go thither, my child, and submit to their treatment: adopt the remedies that may be suitable to thy case, however contrary to flesh and blood. Take courage! thou art not the only one that has been in this state. Therefore, arise and cleave closer than ever to the Friend of sinners. Fear not that thou wilt do wrong by humbling thyself: on the contrary, thou wilt do much good both to thyself and to others.'

"Dear Henrietta, I have now let Truth and Charity speak, and may this letter be a blessing to your soul! Take all in good part, as coming from a friend who seeks your true welfare."

The time was now come when Rostan was to enter the ranks of the Methodist ministry as a probationer. The District-meeting of the French Methodist Society assembled this year at Paris. The Quarterly meeting of his Circuit, composed partly of *ministers* and partly of lay brethren,

after due examination, recommended him as a candidate for the ministry; and he then had to undergo additional examinations before the assembly of ministers, to whom alone belonged the right of admitting him to the sacred office. The following passages are from letters written during this visit to Paris :—

"....After a pleasant journey, we reached this great Babylon on Wednesday, at 7 A.M. Our houses on wheels have served us for houses of prayer, in which we have had several opportunities of preaching the Gospel. To-night I am to preach, and shall have more than a dozen ministers among my hearers : my flesh creeps and my limbs tremble at the thought. O God, increase my faith!

"Monday. Yesterday we had a blessed season. We partook of the Lord's Supper. M. Martin preached in the morning, M. Renier in the afternoon, and M. Ph. Boucher at night. One word on politics. There has been fighting, it appears, at Lyons and at Dijon, for the republic. Since yesterday the drums have been beating here, and barricades are being thrown up everywhere. We are in a *faubourg* where there is no danger, unless we go out. Do not forget that the eternal God is King over all the earth.

"....April 17. I have been unanimously recommended to the Conference as Assistant Missionary on trial. Pray for me that I may be found faithful before God at all times and in all

places, and that I may be a zealous and faithful servant, full to overflowing of good fruits, to the praise of the glory of the grace which has been given us freely in Christ Jesus."

Shortly after his return, our ardent missionary was sent to visit the flocks among the Cevennes for a second time. The following extract from a letter dated thence shall close this chapter.

"*To* MADAME DE JERSEY, *Paris.*

"*Ganges, August* 29, 1834.

". . . . I left La Vaunage on the 10th inst.: the friends generally were in good health. The kingdom of God is more and more established among them, although it makes less noise: and if there is not so much flame, there is also not so much smoke. If there has been any self-exaltation on the part of any, there is nothing of this now.

"Can we bear the same testimony to all the members of our Society in this district? No; but there is progress. Our rules and our discipline are observed. I shall never forget what I learned when a shepherd of sheep; that is, that besides the fat sheep, which are the beauty and glory of the flock, the pride and joy of the shepherd, there are to be found lean ones; and, what is worse, diseased, lame, and broken-backed ones. For these last there is no remedy. It is just what one meets with in the flock of the Good Shepherd. There is need of patience with meekness in order

to support the weak, even as Christ has supported us, and does support us still."

After reviewing the work of God in other places, where it had flourished, he continues:—

"But what shall I say of Cazilhac, where my visit last year was so greatly blessed? Alas! the wolves have, in our absence, devoured half of the flock: of fifteen members composing the class, there are only five left whose conduct is exemplary: three have returned within these last few days, confessing their sins, and of the rest I do not wholly despair, since there is still some good left in their hearts.

"The chapel at Congénies is finished: M. Cook opened it on the 17th instant. The friends at Vauvert have bought a fine plot of ground for six hundred and fifty francs, and the work is about to be commenced. How shall we show our gratitude to your cousin and her friends, for having thought of us and laboured for our chapels? Surely it must be by loving their Father who is our Father, and their God who is our God. Assure them that they have a lively interest in the prayers which ascend to heaven from the depths of our hearts. Soon we shall all be in the temple above: each one shall be a living stone, each heart a temple, each tongue a sacred instrument of praise, and the harmony shall be sweet. O God, keep us, and all those who seek Thy salvation, *till* we all gain the prize."

CHAPTER V.

SECOND MISSION IN THE ALPS.—LA VAUNAGE.—CONFLICTS AND PERSECUTIONS.

OCTOBER, 1834—JUNE, 1835.

IN accordance with a request very earnestly preferred by Rostan himself to his Superintendent, M. Cook, he was authorized to spend the six months of winter among the Alpine valleys. Early in October, 1834, he entered on his work. The following letters relate his labours, conflicts, and successes.

"*To* M. H. DE JERSEY, *Pastor, Paris.*

"*Vars, December* 16, 1834.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The news of the religious awakening which took place last winter in Freyssinières, having spread far and wide, has attracted the attention of many ministers, both French and English. The latter have done neither good nor harm, having confined themselves to seeking information respecting the revival: they have returned, bearing with them the remembrance of the sainted Neff, and praising God for the wonders of His grace. I wish I could say *as much of* the former. But, unfor-

tunately, these have been wrongly informed by persons once pious, but now enemies of the cross of Christ; and they have strongly censured those who profess perfect love, because they believe them plunged into the depths of spiritual pride and into the most dangerous of all errors. Hence, lax Christians who have always on their lips, 'I am carnal, sold under sin,' have been confirmed in their opinions, and have spoken evil of the goodly land. These, and some of their visiters, have almost excommunicated poor Rostan. One of them (a pastor) said, 'He preaches himself and not Jesus Christ'—(probably because I had related my experience in the class-meetings). Another said, 'He would have done better if he had continued to keep his father's goats'—(because in his opinion I had troubled the church). A third added, 'Would God he might never come here again: he is a liar and a seducer.' This last is the only one who has resisted me face to face. But there is something better and more pleasing to tell you of. You will magnify the Lord with me when you learn that I have admitted into our classes ninety-one persons, all having a clear evidence of the pardon of their sins, and many of them rejoicing in the perfect love of God. At Dormilhouse, where there are but eight and twenty families, we have twenty female and ten male members: brotherly love, simplicity and freedom arise and shine among them. I have called out ten as local preachers, who

faithfully fulfil their appointments. Once a fortnight I meet them for the purpose of instruction in the doctrines of salvation."

The opposition alluded to above became more and more marked. Rostan had several painful interviews with the pastor of Freyssinières, in one of which he so far forgot himself as to call the class-meetings foolery, the local preachers ignorant and self-conceited men, and the Wesleyans in general visionaries and pretended saints. He threatened the interference of the prefect and of the president of the Consistory, who, he said, would chase him from the churches. Rostan calmly replied that he advised him not to follow the promptings of anger and prejudice; that if any scandal arose, he must leave with him the whole responsibility in the sight of God; that, besides, by these inconsiderate acts he would rouse the whole valley to indignation; and that, in fine, if he succeeded in closing the churches, the stables remained open, and he knew the people would follow him to them.

The president of the Consistory, whose intervention had thus been a little too hastily invoked, was very differently disposed toward Rostan. He esteemed his character and his work, and requested a visit, that he might know more of him. The distance did not hinder our evangelist from going to Orpierre to testify his Christian affection and respect.

"I have just paid a visit," he writes to M. de Jersey, "to M. d'A., who is seeking to be convinced by the Scriptures of the truth of our doctrine. He is sincere and upright in heart; and for this reason I hope great things of him and from him: if he entered into our views on entire sanctification, he would be a great help and defence to us. He believes it possible to live in this world without committing sin, which is a great deal to say: but he asks, '*Does* any one live without sin?' On this point he is not convinced. He thinks we only differ from our brethren in our terms, and in our manner of presenting this doctrine."

In the meantime, the work of God was prospering.—Under date March 21, 1835,

"At Dormilhouse," writes he to M. Renier, "many have been awakened within the last fortnight. There, I believe it may be said almost without exception, those who are not actually converted are troubled and in distress because they are not yet saved. Young and old are thirsting after Christ, and mourning that they have lost so much time. A fortnight since, I asked a female how the work of God was going on in her soul; she said, despondingly, 'I know nothing: I know no more about it than this brute beast at the manger.' Scarcely had she spoken the words, when a child of three years, who was standing by, and whose parents are not pious, innocently answered, 'You

must ask the good God.' From this prompt and admirable reply, I took occasion to exhort the persons present to 'flee from the wrath to come.' In less than a week the preaching of this babe had borne fruit. The woman to whom he spoke was converted, and also his father and mother, who had been living without God. From that moment dates the outpouring of the Spirit alluded to above. In my opinion, we have here one of the finest fields in Europe. In many places Christianity triumphs: in all it is respected."

The following letter was addressed by Rostan to his friends at Vauvert toward the end of the year 1834:—

To the CHURCH OF GOD ASSEMBLING AT VAUVERT.

"*Vars, December* 26, 1834.

"BELOVED OF GOD,—Grace and peace be vouchsafed to you from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ! I greatly desired to be with you at the close of the year, a period so often attended by extraordinary blessing; but, as circumstances do not permit, I wish to be present with you by letter, not so much in the expectation of saying anything to edify you, as in the hope of recalling myself to your remembrance, and of recommending to your prayers the work among the Alps.

"We have much reason to praise God, especially for all the blessings of His grace bestowed upon us; and we can only ascribe glory to His

name that so many of the Lord's flock are advancing with *all* their heart and *all* their soul in the ways of faith and holiness; while others who have been turned from the power of darkness unto God are beginning to 'follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.' But is there not reason to fear, beloved, that the piety of many has declined since those happy days when we felt ourselves encompassed by the unspeakable mercies of God our Redeemer? Must it not be said that, in general, our pace is slackened and our ardour chilled? Is it not too true that, for the most part, our Christianity is a Christianity wan and sickly, destitute of warmth, lacking in vigour,—a Christianity without depth, without vitality, without that potent influence over all the circumstances of life which should characterize the work of the Almighty?

"Many have to complain that they have scarcely a breath of life; that they are only Christians in a very general sense of the word; that they are half-hearted in the service of God; that all their impressions are feeble and transient, all their resolutions resultless; that the presence of the Lord is not generally enjoyed by them; that their minds are almost wholly occupied by the world and its interests, by vain thoughts and vain words; that they are lamentably deficient in love to God and zeal for His glory, powerless in prayer, without genuine attachment to the things above, without a sincere desire to be with Christ.

They feel unhappy in every department of the Christian life. To take upon them the Lord's yoke is a toil and not a pleasure; and they utter a wail of despair, because they have now for a long time been sensible of their evil case, without discovering any means of escape. Happy, nevertheless, are they who are not insensible to their real condition! In how much more grievous a plight are found the souls of those whose declension is equally serious, but who do not seem to know it, or do not manifest the least concern!

"Beloved, though you may not have sunk into such a lethargy, yet examine yourselves: yes, let us examine ourselves in the presence of God who searcheth the hearts, and whose eyes observe all our goings. Does He see, the great Jehovah, that we conscientiously obey His commandment to grow up into Christ our living Head *in all things?* Does He see that year by year we display a deeper hatred to sin, a greater circumspectness in all the details of our daily life? Does He see that we have more confidence, and a confidence more childlike, in His goodness, a more fervent love to Him, a greater zeal for His glory, a more cheerful and entire consecration to His service, a more decided renunciation of earthly passions, a stronger inclination to prayer, and a deeper affection for His holy Word? Does He see that we have a greater loathing of ourselves, a more charitable spirit, a more patient mind, a soul more spiritual, more heavenly in its impulses,

more full of longings to behold the Saviour's face? Dear friends, are we making any progress in these respects? Is there no falling away? Or, at least, has not the soul that God has 'so loved' been long lingering at the same point? At the end of the year more particularly, we ought to consider our ways and to probe our hearts. What thanks should we not render to the Giver of every perfect gift for the individual and collective blessings showered upon us during the year that we see nearing its termination: on the other hand, what cause of humiliation for time lost, for gifts received and misemployed, for gifts of which we have perhaps deprived ourselves in various ways, and lastly, for the good we might have done but did not.

"Brethren in Christ, are these the sacred sentiments, is this the serious frame, which we intend to cultivate while we pursue our earthly course? Is it with hunger and thirst to live for God more completely and more devotedly, that we shall close this year and begin the next? Lord, Thou knowest if we feel more and more constrained by the love of Christ to offer ourselves to Thee 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service!'

"Ah! if we compare our Christian life with the inconceivable love that God has manifested toward us, if we contrast it with what the Word tells us of our holy calling, shall we not discover that our Christianity is poverty itself; and that,

apart from a few cheering exceptions, we come short to a degree that is unworthy of our great God and Saviour? Remember the churches of the Apocalypse, at first so fair and flourishing, which, through not heeding the monitions of the Spirit when they began to grow lax, became the objects of the Almighty's indignation, and a reproach to the name of Christ. Let us tremble lest their fate be ours, if we obey not the voice of God that speaks to us to-day.

"Brethren, do not forget the morning prayer at half-past nine o'clock, and especially the last day of the year, in common with our brothers and sisters in the Alps. Remember the Missionary of the Alps, who feels the greatest need of all your prayers. He cherishes your memory, and addresses you all at this moment, not being able to write to each individually. Tell me what chapter of the New Testament you are reading in the morning, that I may know if I am still reading the same as you."

On his return to La Vaunage, toward the close of March, 1835, the missionary was surprised at the complete revolution which had taken place in the popular mind with regard to the work of God. From the beginning he had not been slow to perceive that there was a great difference, both in disposition and manners, between the peaceable descendants of the Vaudois and the restless children of the Huguenots. But he seemed to

have no idea up to this time of the extremes to which the ignorant fanaticism of the crowd might carry them. What he too readily regarded as auguring a favourable opinion of Christianity on the part of the multitude only arose, in fact, from an indifference that was easily provoked into hostility by the first offence offered to their deep-seated prejudices. If Rostan had any such illusions, they were speedily dissipated by the breath of reality. He found a strange and ominous excitement among the people: the atmosphere was charged with electricity; a very little thing, it was plain, would suffice to cause an explosion. The opening of the chapel which the Christians at Vauvert had raised by dint of such sacrifices and such devotion afforded an opportunity, which the enemies of the church were not slow to seize, for giving vent to their wrath. This modest sanctuary was finished during Rostan's absence, and his return alone was waited for in order to dedicate it solemnly to the Lord. He himself rejoiced to see this work of faith and labour of love approaching its completion.

"I believe, dear brother," wrote he to his colleague, M. Hocart, on the 9th of April, "I believe that we ought to make it a subject of prayer, that this new blessing vouchsafed to the devotion and disinterestedness of the friends may prove an ever memorable epoch in the annals of Methodism in Le Gard, not to say France generally, by reason

of the signal outpourings of the Holy Spirit accompanying it."

He was not deceived: this modest festival was to mark an epoch in the history of the revival; for persecution also is a blessing, and, in this case, was to become a salutary baptism to the Christians of the south.

The spark which ignited the powder, we say it in sadness, was struck from a Christian pulpit. We leave it, however, to the impartial reader to decide on which side lay the larger share of moderation and a Christian spirit.

NARRATIVE OF FACTS RELATING TO THE PERSECUTION OF THE METHODISTS BY THE PROTESTANTS OF VAUVERT, 19TH OF APRIL TO 24TH OF MAY, 1835.

"*April* 19.—Easter Sunday.—Before administering the Lord's Supper, M. * * *, the pastor, read from the pulpit a long paper which he had drawn up against the Methodists. I do not know the contents, except that it consisted in a false application of those words of Paul to the Galatians, 'But there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ.' This reading was followed by a general outcry. 'Cast them out! cast them out!' were the words which could be distinguished amid the tumult that arose in the galleries. What a preparation for the Holy Supper!

"The effect followed only too promptly on the

cause. Soon after they left the church, the crowd of young men flocked to the cemetery, where an interment was taking place, in order, if I should have gone thither to preach, to eject me by force. But I was absent. In the evening, M. Hocart, while on his way to Vauvert for the seven o'clock preaching was assailed by stones, and was greatly interrupted in the course of his sermon by the jeers of which he was made the butt.

"*April* 21.—I went out with the mayor, and was walking through the market-place as usual, when a multitude of persons who were assembled to witness a bull-fight, began to follow in my rear, amidst the noise of cornets and brandishing of staves, with which they attacked me from time to time, crying out in such a manner as to rouse the whole town: 'The bull! the bull! catch him! catch the hare! catch the quaker!'* In this manner I was escorted home, safe and sound however, thanks be to God, and covered with glory and honour—not to call it shame. The crowd stopped in front of the chapel, and, not being able to bear the sight of it, because it was neither a theatre nor a place of amusement but a house of prayer, cried out, 'Come, pull it down! burn it!' and in a moment the door was

* The first of these epithets has reference to the bull-fight; the second to the name of one of the missionaries, who for a long time had the honour of providing a nickname for his colleagues. The third refers to the Society of Friends, who had at this time some representatives in the south of France.

broken open with paving-stones, the trellis torn down, and more than a hundred tiles stripped off. Without having been an eye-witness, one can hardly form a proper estimate of the fury which possessed these blind instruments of fanaticism.

"*April* 22.—I laid a complaint before the mayor, who promised me protection, and took down in writing the days and hours of our meetings. On my return, wishing to avoid the market-place, where, as on the previous evening, a number of people were collected, I returned by another street; but here, as in the market-place the day before, the cries of 'Here is the Quaker! catch the hare!' were such that in less than three minutes the street was full of people, who ran together from all quarters and joined in the general clamour. They thought to have killed me before I reached the end of the street; but a friendly family gave me shelter for awhile, and presently the commissary passing by, I went out, and he accompanied me home; while many of the people followed, muttering vengeance.

"*April* 26.—I preached for the first time in the new chapel, but the clamour without, the stones thrown against the doors and windows and on the tiles, and the noise within, were such as to render it impossible for me to continue the service. Towards twelve o'clock, as we were going out, many young men, to the great delight of the unruly populace, hemmed us in with a rope. At two in the afternoon, M. Cook preached in the

chapel, when the same tumult was raised as in the morning. Between three and four o'clock, while on his way to Congénies, accompanied by some persons from Codognan, M. Cook was accosted in a menacing manner by a score of young men, who followed them as far as the Hotel de Lamouroux, where above two hundred persons were either playing or looking on. There these evil-disposed people, surrounding the friends of the Lord Jesus, buffeted them for nearly an hour. The messenger of peace was thrown down on the pavement: the horse was unsaddled, and the saddle put upon Berrus, who was rolled in the mud: the bridle was cut, and the horse battered with sticks and stones: the one who led him, through the mercy of Providence, only received one blow on his hand. The servants of God, like lambs in the midst of wolves, did not attempt to retaliate, committing themselves to Him who judgeth righteously, and to whom vengeance belongeth: they said 'Thank you,' for all the injuries and all the blows that were lavished on them, and continued their journey with hearts full of joy and full of sorrow. Their poor persecuting brethren returned as from a glorious campaign, saying, 'They will not come back again this time, or if they do, we will throw them into the Vistre. The poor captain of the quakers will not be so boastful about that.'

"*May* 12.—M. Marzials, president of the Montauban Consistory, gave us a sermon in the

chapel. We hoped they would have had some respect for his age and character; but no, they said, 'He belongs to these people: his language is the same, and we must treat him the same.' The venerable pastor was astonished at the conduct of the people, and complained to the commissary. He answered that he had neither seen nor heard anything, and even demanded the president's passport. The latter refused to show it, stating who he was. The next day, shortly after daylight, the commissary came to my house, dressed in his uniform, and accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmes: he demanded to see the gentleman who had preached last night in the chapel: I sent him to M. Tempié, at whose house he had slept; and, had not the latter answered for him, he would have been thrown into prison, because he had left his passport at Congénies.

"*May* 24.—Sunday. To-day matters went from bad to worse. The fury of the people had increased, and they resolved to take my life. I was informed of their design. 'Shall I go out or not?' was the question. But rather than yield to fear, which would have given the adversaries an advantage over me, I went to the church, trusting in the promises of the Faithful and True, and persuaded that He would either allow me to be killed or deliver me out of the hands of my enemies, according as it might be for His glory. At the close of his sermon, M. * * * so excited the

people by speaking against the strangers who were come to raise the standard of Methodism among his people, that everybody rose up to look at me: the young men who filled the galleries fixed their eyes on me, like eagles ready to pounce upon their prey. The reader, foreseeing that there would be a massacre among the Methodists as soon as the assembly broke up, sent to inform the commissary. Many went out before the close of the service, pale as death. It seemed to me that the abomination that maketh desolate was indeed standing in the holy place. The instigator of all this commotion at last said with a trembling voice, 'People of God, go in peace,' and all made haste to go out. All eyes were fixed on me: here and there I perceived some commiserating me, others laughing and gnashing their teeth. When I reached the porch, I heard cries on all sides, 'Here he is! here he is!' I halted at the top of the steps, and calmly surveyed this multitude, thirsting for the blood of a Methodist Protestant Christian Missionary. And what were they? Were they Africans or New-Zealand cannibals? No, they were so-called "Reformed Christians," if one can believe it. I then slowly descended the steps. Suddenly I heard a savage yell, and at this signal the multitude rushed toward me. But at this very moment, O wonderful deliverance, the commissary appeared, and, raising his bâton, stayed like a breakwater this torrent of ungodliness which was ready to swallow

me up. Shall I be believed, when I say that I never in my life felt so happy in God's house as I did that day? I could say in truth, 'This is none other but the house of God, this is the gate of heaven;' while others must have said, 'How dreadful is this place!'

"From Easter until now the offence of the cross has not ceased in Vauvert. The depths of Satan have vomited forth every conceivable form of false and foul calumny against the people called Methodists. Every day we have hootings, horrible imprecations and threatenings of all sorts. Men who before loved their wives have beaten them with thongs or bundles of vine-twigs, leaving them for dead. One man wished to leave his wife. 'But why do you wish to do that?' said the Justice of the Peace, whom he went to consult, 'Does not your wife work?' 'Yes, Sir, more than I do.' 'Does she not make enough money?' 'Yes, Sir, more than I do.' 'Does she lead an evil life?' 'No, I have nothing to reproach her with on that account.' 'Perhaps it is because she prays too much?' 'Yes, I do not wish her to pray so much.' 'O! if that is all, don't leave her: go and do likewise.' The man retired, little content with the good advice the Justice had given him.

"After all, we can say to our persecutors as Joseph said to his brethren, 'Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good.' We understand the Scriptures better, our faith in them

is increased: we are more dead to the world and to self, and more thoroughly united in the bonds of charity."

On the 18th of May, Rostan writes to Madame Cook to excuse himself from going to Congénies, notwithstanding the invitation that had been given him. His reason is as follows: "I love to stand in the breach, especially when there is not a stronger man to fill it; and the more so, because I am more at home here than anywhere else on the face of the earth; and I have more courage, as it seems to me, to face the enemy. But, O God, it is Thou who givest me strength to avenge myself with the weapons of the Gospel! That is the best way of fighting, is it not? Yesterday afternoon a woman was awakened at Codognan. God still snatches some as brands from the burning. Let us be more and more faithful to this gracious Master. Our friends here are not discouraged, but rather the contrary. To-day we have been tolerably quiet, but not so much so on Friday last: the chapel was full."

The friends at Vauvert laid a complaint before the authorities. The following letter, addressed to M. Cook, will show the result.

"*Vauvert, June* 15, 1835.

"My dear and honoured Brother in Christ, —Providence affords me a favourable opportunity of communicating to you the intelligence that our persecutors were acquitted on Friday last,

first, because the depositions of the witnesses were insufficient, and secondly, because six hired witnesses were summoned on the other side. The advocate for the accused parties did not spare us at all: 'This foreigner, this Cook, director of souls at Congénies, this pretended apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ, under pretext of preaching the Gospel, is come here to seduce the simple. Yes, these pretended religious people never go away from the place but they carry with them pots of sweetmeats, walnuts, dried raisins, and bags of money. . . . Destitute of fortune, they do what they can to gain a livelihood: they are epicures. . . . And this *Roustan*, he thought the people must needs open the way to let him pass, that they would strew flowers in his path. . . . Misled by his imagination, he thought he saw men with a rope, whereas it was only some children amusing themselves with some packthread. And the faithful proselytes of this *Roustan* are all false witnesses.'

"The judge shrugged his shoulders, and bade him be quiet. That worthy man then addressed an exhortation to the people, especially to the young men. He besought them to leave us alone: he said that in opposing us they were placing themselves in opposition to the king, which was not becoming in Frenchmen. He declared that we had acted very generously toward them, and that a fine of two hundred francs and two years' imprisonment should be the penalty for those who should dare to repeat these offences. He added

that he knew that the members of the persecuted Society, having the law on their side, and aware of the extent of the penalty to which their enemies were exposed, had besought the procureur to be lenient; and that was the reason why the affair had been investigated at Vauvert."

Thus this matter ended. The firmness of the Christians, manifested by their determination to claim their legal rights, proved to the malcontents that a few nocturnal freaks were not enough to drive them from the country. Their patience and resignation did the rest, and showed the world the depth as well as the strength of their convictions.

Rostan was now about to be called to a new field of labour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CEVENNES.—CONFLICTS AND PERSECUTIONS.—THIRD MISSION IN THE ALPS.

JULY, 1835—DECEMBER, 1836.

ON the 5th of July, Rostan arrived at Tornac, near Anduze, where he established his head-quarters during the four months of his sojourn among the Cevennes. This period was marked by manifold trials, under the weight of which his spirit well-nigh sank. He had to make headway, at one and the same time, against the theological contentions of certain dogmatising Christians and the violent persecutions of the enemies of the Gospel; to feel the cruel fangs of a calumny that sought his life to destroy it, and to endure a load of distressing temptations and painful discouragements.

He had preserved all the sensibility and simplicity of a child of nature. His spirit, in no wise blunted by misfortunes, was ever accessible to the joy which expanded or to the sorrows which bruised it. In his journal and letters we meet with sallies of a most childlike joy, which does the soul good: we hear also heart-rending

outcries and the sobs of a most poignant grief. These are, however, the outcries of a spirit, not sinking beneath the influence of a sickly debility, but writhing under pangs which none but strong men feel.

"*July* 6. Distress, anguish, fear, remorse, temptation, discouragement, all these have fallen upon me. Without Jesus all is nothing. Where He is not, there is nought but emptiness, weariness, torment. O the happiness of loving Him, and rejoicing in His love! How wretched, how awful, is a state of disobedience. O my God, make me more faithful, and hide me in Thy bosom! What consolation, what mercy, what happiness, in being saved by grace! What would become of me, if it were otherwise?

"14. To-day I felt my weakness in the presence of temptation. I felt also the instability of my resolutions. Lord, cast me not off, but have mercy on me, and on my moral and physical condition.

"16. Early this morning I visited a sick man, a mile and a half from here. I found him in an agony. I proclaimed Christ, crucified for him, and saw by his expression that he understood me. Shortly after, he entered the world of spirits, in what state of mind God only knows. O my soul, where is he who a few moments since was with thee, still conversing with the living? What is he doing? What does he feel? With

whom and in what condition is he now? A few minutes since he might have been saved, and if he has not been, O the anguish, the terrors, the eternity of woe! And thou, my soul, art thou ready to depart, and to appear before the Judge supreme? Alas! thou hast forgotten and despised the gifts of God! Would that I were but truly penitent, that I gave myself no rest, praying without ceasing: but, though I tremble, and am burdened and sorrowful, it is not as I ought. I fear death, I fear to meet my Saviour and Judge, and I do not earnestly seek to make my peace with Him. Yet I trust He will restore me, and that I shall have better things than these to testify. I have besought Him, as a great privilege, that I may still continue to be His servant in the gospel of His Son. I hope, but cannot yet believe. O ye who say that sin promotes humility, open your eyes, and see whether since the days of paradise it has produced humility in any one! No, that which separates from God, the Source and Author of every excellent gift, cannot itself give humility. I feel humbled, it is true, but not *by my sins:* I would rather say, *on account of my sins.* O God, delay not! make haste to help me: purify my heart, and in the name of Jesus Christ restore to me the joy of Thy salvation."

The following letter, belonging to this period, seems to reflect the same sentiments.

"*To* MADAME MADELEINE DAUMAS, *Codognan.*

"*Tornac, August* 5, 1835.

"I MUST tell you that the Christian who follows Jesus is not always upon Mount Tabor, though he finds it good to be there. He has to descend and enter the vessel that is to be driven to and fro by the storm, amid the furious and foaming billows of the enraged ocean, which threaten to swallow it up for ever. But, however dreadful to flesh and blood this situation of the vessel in the midst of a tempest-tost sea, Jesus is there no less than on Tabor, with this difference, that on Tabor He displays Himself before us in white raiment, resplendent with glory: He is awake, and converses in perfect peace, not with Moses and Elias, but with our inmost souls: in the vessel He appears in His ordinary garments; He sleeps, and that in the midst of the storm. Since, however, we know that Jesus is in the ship, let us not draw down on us that severe reproach which fell upon His timid disciples, 'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' But let us pray, believe, and wait; and the glory of God shall be made manifest.

"Have you not often felt that trials are extremely beneficial, when they are accompanied by Divine grace? By their means God subdues our impetuous passions, which in prosperity become intractable and violent. Our passions may be compared to serpents, which seem dead during

the rigours of the winter, but revive and grow fierce when they feel the heat."

The internal conflicts of the missionary, so far from paralysing his external activities, appear to have given them a stronger impulse. The religious condition also of the Cevennes, at this period, demanded a special energy and special qualifications in the labourers who undertook to evangelise them. The Cevennese, either wholly degenerate from the faith of their ancestors, or only retaining for it a superstitious and formalistic reverence, received with distrust the heralds of revival, and carried this sentiment to the extreme of intolerance and persecution. Of some of these trials we will now allow Rostan to speak.

THE PERSECUTION AT MIALET.

"On Sunday, the 6th of September, 1835, by request of M. the Commissioner of Mialet, a pulpit was erected in the open air, and I preached to about three hundred persons on Lot's escape from Sodom. The greater part of the audience were serious: some laughed, and others said, 'He is a Moravian.' So we are Moravians at Mialet, priests at Lézan, Methodists in La Vaunage, Quakers at Vauvert, true Christians in the Alps, run-abouts and cut-purses elsewhere. But it is enough for the servant that he be as the Master.

"As there had been no preacher in the commune for many months, I went thither to preach on

the 20th. The pulpit having been refused me by order of the mayor, I preached at Madame B's. The presence of the Lord solemnised the minds of the people; but, while we were absorbed in the pursuit of the one thing needful, suddenly we heard a confused noise of outcries and oaths proceeding from a multitude of poor sinners, the slaves of sin and error, who were gathered in the street below. As we left the house, we were followed by a kind of *charivari*, with an accompaniment of fifes and drums. Of those who made less noise many fixed their eyes on me in a truly formidable manner, and were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to pass from looks to deeds of malice. But the evil one is like a storm: he continueth but a little space.

"On the 25th, I went to Mialet, not knowing the plot that had been laid against me during the week. The mayor, whose father was the chief instigator of the former disturbance, had quietly procured the *gendarmerie* from St. Jean du Gard, with the design of terrifying the Christians and dissolving our meetings, and especially in the hope of casting me into prison, should my papers not prove genuine. At half-past seven the place of the meeting was surrounded by evil-disposed persons, and soon a shower of stones began to fall on all sides: the doors and window-shutters began to give way. The good people who were present at the meeting had never witnessed such a scene; they were weeping and bewailing their fate, for they thought they were going to be

massacred. My counsels were vain, and my voice was drowned amid the noise of the stones and the clamour. Widow D——, at whose house we were met, accompanied by one of the brethren, ventured out of the house at the risk of their lives, to seek for the Commissioner. To their astonishment, they found the mayor and *gens-darmes* at his house. These gentlemen came to the scene of tumult, and immediately the out-cries and stone-throwing ceased. The officer lectured the people *a little*, who, however, refused to disperse: then he made his way into the meeting and examined my passport. 'It is satisfactory,' said he, turning to the mayor. The latter, disappointed in his expectations, grew pale as death, and trembling all over, stammered out, 'You bring revolution into my commune.' 'There are more than twenty persons here,' added the officer. 'Yes, Sir,' I replied, 'there are more than sixty.' Looking round on the people, he said, 'It is true there are a good many females, children, and old men.' Reassured and protected by the succour which the mayor had thus involuntarily provided, our friends returned to their homes. The magistrate also, with his armed men, returned quite confounded. But who can oppose the Most High and prosper? He who puts his trust in God shall never be confounded. It should be added that the mayor professes to be a Protestant, and that the Catholics were indignant at the treatment we had received.

"Having to return to La Vaunage for the Quarterly Meeting, it was not until the 8th of October that I could revisit the Cevennes. I found the brethren at Tornac much dispirited. 'Everybody is in arms against you,' said they, 'at Lézan, at Tornac, and at Mialet; and we fear for your life, or at least that you will not be able to remain amongst us. An anonymous letter in insulting terms announces that if you preach at Tornac again, you will be stoned in the pulpit.' I replied, 'He whom God protects is well protected. Is not the Almighty in our midst? Let us listen to His voice and walk in His ways, and He will be the Enemy of our enemies, and will afflict those who afflict us.' 'Yes, that is true,' said they, 'but such and such persons are murderers, dreaded by the authorities themselves.'

"I was also given to understand that the ex-mayor, an old man of seventy, had circulated a paper containing the following words, 'Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple.' Imagine the effect produced by these words, wrested from their proper signification and applied to our work by a man who enjoyed the confidence of the whole community! Men,

women, and children, all blinded by prejudice, resolved to defend, as they supposed, the religion of their fathers. 'Kill him! kill him!' such was the cry, and such the determination of these misled people, in case I should dare to reappear among them.

"On hearing this news, I set my affairs in order, and wrote my last wishes concerning my parents, and concerning the Society of which I was a member, and by special favour a minister in the gospel. Then, offering up my body as a living sacrifice, I left for Mialet, persuaded that God would either save me or allow me to be slain, as might be most for His glory. As soon as I arrived, the whole village was astir, the people running hither and thither like bees. Tidings were carried to the neighbouring villages, and the rabble of Luziers and Paussan flocked in great numbers to Mialet, in readiness for the nocturnal assault. The taverns were crowded with these wretches, waiting impatiently for the assembling of the little flock, that they might pounce on us like the wolves of the evening. The danger being unmistakable, I disappointed their design by not calling a meeting; and thus their plot failed. Enraged at finding themselves baulked, some of them gathered round the house where I was with eight or ten friends, making a great clamour, and throwing stones against the door till they broke it to pieces; while others, already half intoxicated, drowned in liquor the little

sense that yet remained. Three of the men were sent in to raise a dispute with me, in order that they might have a pretext for seizing me. They entered with slouched hats and with pipes in their mouths. I bade them be seated. There was something so bad in the expression of their countenances, that our friends were paralysed with fear; and one of them afterwards declared to me that he could not have uttered a syllable for trembling. Having given them to understand what I was reading, (it was Wesley's 'Almost Christian,') I proceeded with the subject, speaking with a loud voice. I was frequently interrupted by such questions as these, 'But you are a priest, then? You pretend to forgive sins? If you had not been banished from your country, you would have gone back to it. You are a runabout, a vagabond.' To most of these questions I made no reply, and the rest I answered briefly, begging them to let me continue my reading to the end. At last, after many attempts to involve me in controversy, when they saw they could not succeed, they withdrew, muttering a few unintelligible words. 'Why have you not brought him?' cried their comrades, and, shortly after, one of them came in to inquire the days and hours of our meetings, under pretence of wishing to attend them. Then we prayed for them and for ourselves, and our friends recovered their composure. About eleven o'clock the crowd dispersed, giving us their parting salutations in a volley of stones hurled at the door.

"For the future we shall hold our meetings in the daytime, and spend our evenings in profitable intercourse with those whose occupations hinder their attendance at any other time.

"On the 23rd, bowed down under a sense of my feebleness, but strong in the name of the Lord of Hosts, I went up to Mialet again; where I held a peaceable meeting, most of the men being in the fields. Later on, however, there was a great commotion. An order for me to appear before the mayor was obtained, in the hope that I should thus be constrained to expose myself to the mob. I understood that a sum of money had been promised to those who should succeed in flaying me alive. I went out to the mayor's house by a back-door. 'I order you,' said he, 'to appear no more in this commune.' 'And by what authority?' I replied. 'By what authority!' returned he, 'You sow division everywhere.' 'It is your father,' said I, 'who is the author of all this trouble: I am a minister of peace, and I preach peace.' 'You are nothing but an obstinate fanatic,' cried he, 'and I will send four of the national guards to take you away.' 'That will be a good opportunity to preach the gospel to them.' 'Ah! you will persist in it, but I know what to do.' At the door I found many women, who made malicious charges against me, and tried to throw me down the steps. In the midst of a scene difficult to describe, I managed to make my escape, the multitude hooting and some

weeping. Fearing they might come at night and break open the door of the house, I left Mialet and went to Sclapiers, where many of the friends were assembled, and where we passed some happy hours in the fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The 30th was a day to be held in everlasting remembrance. The timid disciples were full of fear and terror: I tried to reassure them, and preached from 'Fear not, little flock.' The greatest tranquillity prevailed. Those who expected to see me carried off by order of the mayor were disappointed, for he had gone away: their courage failed them, and Satan, foiled, retreated to his own place."

Rostan thus notes in his journal the termination of this persecution.

"*November* 6. Morning.—The weather is stormy, so that the people cannot work in the fields. To-day, therefore, I shall find the Mialet people at home; and, if they do not molest me, I shall conclude that the persecution is at an end.

"Evening.—I have only noticed a few black looks, and heard a few half-suppressed murmurs. The meeting at four o'clock was undisturbed. Afterwards, I walked through the village, and was not interrupted. While we were at supper, our enemies made a great noise outside the house, but by seven o'clock all was quiet again. I

preached a farewell sermon, and the presence of the Lord was felt in our midst."

Thus ended this period of trial, which had put to the proof the faith and patience of the servant of God. His cup seemed to be very bitter and very full. There wanted, however, one drop of gall, and this was added in due season. The enemies of the gospel, seeing the imperturbable spirit he displayed in the endurance of their opposition, strove to blacken his character by base and skilfully contrived calumnies. By means of anonymous letters, they endeavoured to lower him in the estimation of the friends themselves. Rostan's purity of life was only equalled by his simplicity: he could never have believed in the possibility of such slanders, had he not seen the documents that contained them. As a Christian, he uttered from his very soul a cry of poignant grief: as an honest man, his spirit recoiled in disgust and groaned with indignation at these absurd calumnies. But while he possessed the sensibility and simplicity of a child, he had at his command the courage of a lion. He achieved a victory more difficult than those he had gained over the evil dispositions of the mob: he braved calumny, and faced it on its own ground. A peaceful conscience gave his brow the firmness of brass, and his eye the placidity of the lamb.

"Of all my trials," writes he to Madame Cook, "this is the most painful. Do not suppose,

however, that I am discouraged or afraid. No, thanks be to God, I am not. If I wished to preserve my life, I should be afraid, for there would be good reason: but my life is not my own."

Rostan was now to quit the Cevennes, after four months and a-half of self-consuming toil. He had preached in the open air, visited the cholera patients during the prevalence of that epidemic, contended against prejudice, hatred, slander, and persecutions. No period of his life was more full of labours, none was so fruitful in sufferings.

Leaving Tornac on the 12th of November, 1835, he spent a fortnight among his friends in La Vaunage, whose affection consoled him for the trials he had borne during his stay in the Cevennes. But the months of winter had now returned, and with them for Rostan the pleasing duty of revisiting the High Alps, and resuming a work of evangelisation which, at that season of the year, scarcely any but an Alpine could have borne.

The following is an extract from one of his letters of this date:—

"*To* M. DE JERSEY, *Pastor*, *Paris*.

"*Vars*, *February* 5, 1836.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—At this moment the Alps exhibit everywhere the symbol of innocence and sanctity. Hills and valleys alike are covered with a glorious mantle of snow, which in some

places reaches a depth of more than six feet. To-day the heavens are pouring down thick clouds of snow, and for five days I have been a prisoner here. I know not when I shall regain my freedom. Nevertheless, it is a fine opportunity for the dear Alpines, who, compelled to remain in the stable, (their infant Saviour's palace,) can now find time to acquire a good knowledge of the Scriptures.

"The work has, however, suffered through our absence. Many of those who were awakened during the past year have subsided into their former slumber, and are less accessible to the operations of Divine grace. My heart fails me when I look at this aspect of the work. But, under another aspect, the work in the Alps is encouraging. A hundred members, who are almost models of simplicity and piety, are meeting in class. I believe I may say of the majority of the classes here, 'It is the place of broad rivers and streams.' The class-leaders have also been renewed in love, and the little flock committed to their care perceive the effects thereof. In this I see the advantage of good and faithful class-leaders, who, under God, are our right hand, the nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers of our children in Jesus Christ."

Soon after his return to La Vaunage, Rostan

wrote the same minister the following brief account of this Alpine mission:—

"*Codognan, April* 7, 1836.

"... Notwithstanding various physical and moral ailments which I have experienced during the last quarter, I have had many occasions for thanksgiving. Many persons who have been awakened are received on trial, and the collection among our poor people of the Alps amounts to nearly three hundred francs, the fruit of their faith and love. My expectations on this score have been greatly surpassed.... But true charity is economical and industrious. Several persons have determined to buy a lamb, which will cost them in the spring-time from fifteen to twenty sous, and which they will sell in the autumn for four or five francs for the benefit of the mission. The influence of the gospel is such that, in many communes, all the Protestant inhabitants consider it a duty, not to say a pleasure, to support the good work of evangelisation, even though many of them have not yet been persuaded to seek the salvation of their own souls. The people of Freyssinières, for instance, have bought a stove and provided a bed, for which they have purchased a woollen coverlet; they have also rented a chamber for the use of the missionary, and they pay for his board during his stay among them. Moreover, in addition to the contributions of the Society, the commune has remitted eighty

francs, regretting it was not more. All this seems to say, not 'Leave us,' but 'Come back soon.'"

The Methodist Society at Paris had organised a society for the publication of evangelical works, one branch of which was established in Le Gard; and Rostan became the Treasurer. On this subject he thus writes to M. de Jersey.

"*Codognan, April* 7, 1836.

"My dear Brother,—The Society in Le Gard sent you in 1834, as its first subscription, thirty-four francs; for its second, it sent eighty francs; and for the third, M. Cook will remit one hundred and thirty-six francs ten centimes. In this you have an unequivocal proof of the esteem in which your publications are held, and of the blessing which your work has received from on high. The encouragement thus afforded you is a certain guarantee of future support. But your enterprise demands mighty faith. There is need of Joshuas and Calebs. There is need that every Israelite indeed should march round the mystic Jericho to the sound of the rams' horns, and the walls of opposition will fall. Publish, as soon as possible, tracts which shall declare briefly but strongly the whole truth of God. These messages, read in secret, may employ a force of expression which we cannot always venture on in public, on account of the pride of man. In my

opinion, it is not so much to persons awakened or converted that these valiant witnesses for the truth should be addressed, as to the uncircumcised in heart; and let us not forget to arm them with a sharp two-edged sword,—with all that is most pungent in the vocabulary of the Bible."

During his sojourn among the Cevennes, Rostan had acquired such a reputation for intrepidity, that his brethren determined to send him again. His brief ministry had left also many precious reminiscences, and he was recalled by the affection of those whom he had evangelised. He expected to find in them the same disposition as they manifested while he was among them, and this expectation was not disappointed. That which did disappoint him, on the contrary, in the most striking and agreeable manner, was to find a great number of his most violent opponents altogether softened, and full of goodwill toward him. "I was agreeably surprised," he writes, "on arriving at Mialet, to find a woman who had been one of the most bitter against me, and who had rolled up her sleeves and said that she would 'have my liver,' now humbling herself to ask my forgiveness. God gave her to see her error, and she is now penitent, and regularly attends the preaching of the gospel. Thus 'when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'" In a letter dated July 19th, he also says: "On Friday, when I reached Mialet,

the people seemed ready to worship me. I see how wise our Lord is, to counterbalance these testimonies of affection by increasing the sense of my unworthiness, so that while men are exalting me, the Lord abases and keeps me in my proper place as the little Alpine shepherd. Happy is he who does not forget his former condition. 'What am I,' said the man after God's own heart, 'and what my father's house?'"

Rostan found the work in the Cevennes in a prosperous state. "You must not suppose," he continues, "that we have here none but such as are sick: on the contrary, we have beloved disciples, pillars of the church, brilliant stars. Many of my spiritual children make me ashamed, in that they have left me so far behind; and do not think that I exaggerate in saying this: it is indeed the truth."

The following letter, full of edification, belongs to this period:—

"*To* MDLLE. JULIE MAUREL, *Le Caylar.*

"*Tornac, July* 14, 1836.

"MY DEAR SISTER IN HIM WHO IS ALL IN ALL,—You are seeking a fuller salvation. Nothing can be more profitable: it is at once your duty and your privilege. God commands it, God promises it, God will give it you, on one condition, viz., faith. It is not through ignorance, nor through lack of a speculative faith, that you have

not that which you so reasonably desire: it is through the absence of a practical faith, of that faith which embraces the promises, such as, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' In order to realise this we must believe, just as we must eat and drink, if we would become strong men; and not expect to become strong first, and to eat and drink afterwards. You would naturally pronounce that man devoid of reason who complained of his leanness, and wished to be strong and vigorous before he attempted to eat. And yet would you believe there are Christians who, in matters pertaining to salvation, appear to possess just such ideas as these? Would you believe that I have been guilty of the same fault myself? I saw my spiritual leanness, I saw myself poor, lacking in repentance, humility, and everything that is good, and I dared not approach God, because I was so. Proud Pharisee! I wanted to bring a little repentance, a little love. Senseless and stupid that I was, I understood not that even this must be sought by faith in Jesus, and not be brought to Him, since I possessed it not. Now in this I do not say to you like Paul, 'Be ye imitators of me:' I only tell you my errors that you may avoid them. All God's saints know that we must believe in order to love and obey. Let your heart fall before God, and the burden of sin shall fall from your heart, and grace shall fall from heaven and abide upon you.

O my dear sister, believe in Jesus, and pray that you may now enter into your privileges. Why delay till to-morrow? Why lose the favourable moment? Even now, believe, rejoice, be happy."

Rostan closed the year 1836 at Vauvert. The cold was so intense that he held the watch-night in his own room, where he preached to several friends from Psalm xc. 12. It was for him a farewell sermon, for on the morrow he took leave of his friends, and returned to his beloved mountains, as he did each winter for several years.

CHAPTER VII.

FOURTH AND FIFTH MISSIONS IN THE ALPS.—LA DROME.

JANUARY, 1837—SEPTEMBER, 1839.

ROSTAN returned to the Alps by way of Marseilles, and found his native mountains quite buried beneath their thick mantles of snow. The winter of 1837 was remarkably severe, but this circumstance did not curtail the labours of our missionary. He thus writes to M. de Jersey.

"*Vars, March* 21, 1837.

"DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I am happy to be able to tell you that the Lord is carrying on His good work in me and by me, in spite of the numerous obstacles I have had to contend with. Even had the Scripture not told us that the enemy 'goeth to and fro in the earth, and walketh up and down in it,' 'seeking whom he may devour,' experience alone would teach us the fact. It is under a sense of this that I have returned to the Alps, determined on my part also to hasten from valley to valley, and from stable to stable, to preach Jesus Christ, to encourage, rebuke, and exhort my fellow-countrymen to flee from the wrath to come.

Glory be to God, some persons have heard the voice of the Good Shepherd, and are following Him.

". . . . Owing to the inclement season, a portion of the population are almost destitute of food, —without bread, without potatoes, without butter, and without a sou to purchase them. How do they live? it will be asked. Collections are made among the poor for those who are poorer still, and they do not always eat when they are hungry. Three or four boiled potatoes make a dainty dinner, for which they bless God and the givers. For this once, the pastors have no need to appoint fast days, for it is for the people generally one long and inevitable Lent. Will it be credited that, in the midst of this distress, not only believers but even worldly persons, forgetful of their circumstances, are still forward in supporting our mission and encouraging its continuance among them? One sister, by dint of a year's economy, has saved forty sous, and has given half to the Lord. A brother has dedicated a calf from its birth, which has been fattening for the benefit of the heathen. Another sister, having neither fowl nor dog nor any other animal to pick up the crumbs from her table, gathers them herself after each meal, and sells them on behalf of our mission. These crumbs will bring her in a few sous in the course of the year. O, if all Christians would remember the words of Jesus, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,' how many

wasted crumbs would help to feed the poor or to save the heathen!"

Rostan's journeys, which were so many battles with the elements, could not but in the long run injure even his robust health. Just as he was preparing to return to La Vaunage, a violent colic compelled him to prolong his stay, and he spent the whole of the month of April under the roof of his parents at Vars. This sickness had, however, no serious consequences: it merely postponed his return to the south.

It was about this time that he heard of the death of one of his young friends at Le Caylar, Mdlle. Henriette Maroger, whose strong faith and profound piety had often afforded him encouragement. He immediately wrote to her mother a letter of consolation.

"*To* MADAME MAROGER, *Le Caylar.*

"*Hautes Alpes, April* 27, 1837.

"DEAR SISTER IN JESUS, OUR ONLY HOPE,—May the God of consolation and of peace multiply His grace and peace toward you, that you may by faith prove more and more fully what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God, and that you may always be able feelingly to say, 'Thy will be done!'

"I have learned with sorrow the painful trial which the Lord has just sent you. It is to testify my sympathy, and to add a few words of consola-

tion to those which the Holy Spirit and many friends have already spoken, that I write these lines. Your dear Jonathan, your second self, has gone before us to the realms of the blest. How happy is she at this moment in the company of the spirits of the just made perfect, at the right hand of Jesus! And, however deep your sorrow at her departure, you would not for the world recall her to this state of tribulation. Suppose you had been with your dear Henrietta on a stormy sea, and the vessel had been wrecked, and you had both been saved, one on one plank and another on another. Well, would you be sad and sorrowful, would you weep, because Henrietta had reached the desired haven before you? On the contrary, you would rejoice therein, and you would redouble your efforts to gain the same shore. Well, do this in your present circumstances. Your child is now safe from all danger: there is no more fear that she will suffer shipwreck. Her faith is changed to sight, her hope to full fruition, and from the bright shores of a blessed eternity she seems to say, 'Follow the path marked out for you: you will soon reach the end. The Lord is at hand. Watch and pray: never lose sight of Jesus and His promises, Jesus and His sacrifice, Jesus and His intercession, Jesus and His glory.'

"May the Lord, who has so loved Henrietta as to withdraw her thus early from the combat, accomplish in you, her dear mother, all His Divine promises of grace and consolation."

During the three months of this year that Rostan spent in La Vaunage, (July to September, 1837,) he made Congénies his centre, and his labours were not without fruit: the opposition of certain narrow-minded sectarians only proved once more the solidity of the work. The following extracts give some idea of his operations in the Hautes Alpes, during the ensuing winter.

"*To* M. Cook, *Pastor, Nîmes.*

"*Freyssinières, January* 17, 1838.

"My very dear Brother,—Your kind letter, which has been a source of great joy, only reached me on the 14th inst., probably owing to the enormous quantity of snow which has already fallen, and which renders the mountain defiles difficult and dangerous to pass. On the 6th, the Dormilhouse young men went down in a body to open the path through the snow, that their dear missionary, imprisoned at Les Mensals, might be enabled to visit their hamlet. On the 10th, having to return to hold a fast at Les Mensals, we had not only to re-open the path blocked up by a new fall of snow, but were buried in it nearly up to the shoulders. With great effort we reached our destination, exhausted with fatigue. Our clothes were stiff and frozen, while our bodies were dripping with perspiration. We soon gathered round a stove, and had some warm milk. A good night, spent on the straw, refreshed our poor frames. . . . This winter especially, I

have not eaten the bread of idleness: I may say I have eaten my bread in the sweat of my brow and of my back. I must labour, if my conscience is to be at rest: I must run wherever duty calls me, without observing the wind or regarding the clouds. Otherwise I should feel myself on the brink of hell. 'Take care of yourself,' write my many kind friends. 'Quiet my conscience,' is my reply, 'and I shall be quiet too.' You are of my opinion too, my dear brother, and no doubt you think it is better to wear out than rust out."

The next six months (April to September, 1838) were spent in La Vaunage, and were marked by two important events in our missionary's life, his final examinations at Paris, and his ordination at Nîmes. The readers of this biography will easily understand that our ardent evangelist must have been considered by his brethren in the ministry as a choice candidate for the sacred office: perhaps it rarely happens that a candidate can present such a title to ordination. The many souls in Le Gard and the High Alps who claimed him as their spiritual father, were an indubitable attestation of his call. Accompanied by M. Cook and M. Hocart, another candidate, he arrived at Paris toward the end of March. He passed his examinations satisfactorily, and was recommended by the District meeting to the British Conference (to which the French work then appertained) for reception into full connexion. His

ordination took place at Nîmes, on the 23rd of August, 1838. The candidates were three in number, Messrs. Hocart, Le Bas, and Rostan. The minister who delivered the charge was M. Cook. He took for his text the words of Paul to Timothy, "That good thing which was committed unto thee keep, by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." (2 Tim. i. 14.) The ordaining ministers were Messrs. John Beecham, William Toase, Charles Cook, Henri Martin, Marcel Dadre, and Louis Martin.

Rostan, always overwhelmed by a sense of his insufficiency, had gone to Paris with a full persuasion that his examiners would reject him. His success appeared to him in the light of a great mercy, vouchsafed by the Most High. Shortly after, he wrote to M. de Jersey.

"Contrary to my expectation, I have been received into full connexion, and set apart for the work of the Lord by imposition of hands. But what is in my opinion more important still, is that the Lord has added several new seals to my feeble ministry. This is my great joy, and one of the greatest external encouragements that I can receive. I have spent some time at Codognan. The spirit of prayer is poured out there, and some young people are united to the Society, after having given themselves to the Lord."

In October, 1838, Rostan entered on a new field of labour.

La Drôme early felt the effects of the commotion produced in France by the great revival of the Protestant religion which marked the first few years that followed the Restoration. Many pastors had embraced the doctrines of the gospel. Several active and devoted evangelists came forward to second their new-born zeal, and to join in their labours for the evangelisation of the country.

Among the less favoured localities, in a religious point of view, was the important town of Bourdeaux. In a picturesque situation, but at the same time difficult of access, and far from all the great lines of communication, this town may have been overlooked a little by the first evangelists. It was, however, well worthy of their attention. This remote canton had in fact played no mean part in former religious struggles; and its rugged acclivities had more than once served as an asylum for the Huguenots, pursued by the armies of the Grand Monarque. Traditions of their heroism and moral courage lingered in the memories of the people; and, in the absence of more definite religious culture, these formed a foundation on which to base any serious endeavours at spiritual reformation. The first evangelists who visited this district, about the year 1830, were in general well received; and their efforts drew the attention of a portion of the population to spiritual concerns, which hitherto they had little regarded. In the month of February, 1833, M. Masson, a native evangelist from the

canton of Neuchâtel, and an agent of the London Continental Society, established himself at Bourdeaux; where for nearly four years he faithfully preached the old gospel which the children of the Huguenots had forgotten, or which at least had lain as a dead letter in their formularies. The pastors of the National Church at first endeavoured to appropriate to themselves the results of this movement, but soon proved unable to satisfy wants which they could not even comprehend. And then they strove to undermine the work. A steady opposition, at first secret and then more openly avowed, took the place of the former apparent friendliness. The reputation of the evangelist was assailed, in order that an injunction might be obtained for the prohibition of his services. A legal process was instituted against him by the Mayor of the commune, which resulted in his being condemned to pay a fine of fifty francs, besides expenses estimated at six hundred and forty-one francs twenty centimes, for the crime of holding "unauthorised assemblies." M. Masson appealed against this sentence, and the superior tribunal of Valence cancelled the judgment of that of Die, and fully acquitted him of the charge. So greatly, however, had the health of this faithful evangelist suffered during these struggles, that he was obliged shortly after to quit his post. Before leaving, he advised his flock to invite the Wesleyans to provide for their spiritual necessities. This was accordingly done,

and, in the course of the year 1837, M. Gallienne came to reside at Bourdeaux. The entrance of the Methodist Missionary Society upon this new field of labour was marked by manifold tokens of the Divine benediction.

Rostan arrived at Bourdeaux in October, 1838. His letters dated from this new station show his delight at the cordial welcome he received from the friends, and at the progress of the work. He thus writes to M. de Jersey, on the 26th of January, 1839.

"My dear Brother,—Brother Masson has prepared the way for us in this locality. He was our John the Baptist. Herod took him and cast him into prison, it is true, and even in a moral and religious sense beheaded him. But behold, to the astonishment of the enemy, in Wesleyan Methodism he is risen again, and 'mighty works' in the conversion of sinners 'do show forth themselves' by his means. Yes, He who a hundred years ago taught our hands to war and our fingers to fight, continues to 'subdue the people under' us. This infant mission already reckons one hundred and seventeen members, and twenty-five on trial. A goodly number make visible progress in knowledge and grace. They 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing,' and 'in everything give thanks.' Our rules are well understood, and our discipline received and observed. We are beloved by the friends, and recognized as their legitimate pastors. Our

character is also respected among worldly persons, which, humanly speaking, is no hindrance to the work. Whole families have entered the fold of the Good Shepherd. How edifying it is to hear a septuagenarian saying with tears in his eyes, 'I opposed my children and grandchildren, with the idea that they were wasting time in attending the meetings; but how marvellous are the ways of the Lord: through them He has opened my eyes. Instead of my instructing my children and grandchildren, it is they who instruct me. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was in error, but He has taught me the truth.'

"Our doctrines also are well received. The doctrine of entire sanctification, for years controverted as the most dangerous thing in the world, is now the most prized. I have met with several persons who enjoy it. Your translation of Pipe's Dialogues is highly appreciated. It is read, nay, devoured by those who long for full salvation."

The following letter, written a few days later to another of his colleagues, treats of the last-named important subject at greater length.

"*To* M. Hocart, *Pastor, Congénies.*

"*Bourdeaux, January* 29, 1839.

"My dear Brother,— It is with trembling that I reply to your questions on the subject of my Christian experience. If you had asked me my views respecting entire sanctification, I would willingly have given them: if you

had asked me for clear, convincing, scriptural proofs that this blessing is promised, I could have quoted a multitude of passages of Scripture. If you had asked me the experience of such or such a child of God, I could have given it you without hesitation, since there live not far from me those who have obtained and retained the blessing, and who have outrun me so far that they seem nearly lost to view. But it is my own experience that you ask for. O my brother, if I could hope to give you the least encouragement to go up and possess the good land, I should rejoice to do so; but I fear lest I shall produce the same effect on your mind as the spies sent by Moses produced on the minds of the children of Israel. You know how they made the hearts of the people melt. But since for the second time you ask me to correspond with you on this subject, I will do so. May God give me all the humility I need, and give you grace not to receive injury from what I have to say.

"*Question* 1. How did you feel when you received this blessing? *Answer.* For many days I had been heavily burdened with the sense of the sin that remained in my heart after justification. The distress was as great as that which preceded my conversion. The three days previous to my deliverance were days of agony: I could neither eat nor sleep. I read, prayed, and meditated. My heart seemed to grow harder and harder. But the day of deliverance dawned. A few of us had met to seek this blessing: after several

had prayed with many tears, it seemed to us all as if the chapel were filled with the presence of God. We were filled with awe. Four or five persons in succession obtained the grace they sought. I was among the last. I prayed, and suddenly I felt a Divine influence descend and overwhelm my whole being, body and soul. At the same moment, I received strong consolation, an inexpressible calm, a joy unspeakable. I was happy, yet without knowing that this was the grace I sought.

"*Question* 2. How did you know that this was entire sanctification? *Answer.* The next day, while I was seeking the witness of my sanctification, the following passage was applied, 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.' By the word *crucified* I understood at that time *destroyed, annihilated.* In this sense it was applied to my mind. Then I believed that this was the grace I sought.

"*Question* 3. What change was produced in your tempers and daily experience? *Answer.* I was filled with joy and peace in believing. I prayed without ceasing, and had every moment a thousand subjects of thanksgiving to God. I felt no more risings of anger, whatever was said or done that might provoke me: on the contrary, my soul overflowed with love to God and all mankind, and hence everything turned to my profit. Without any effort, I found great pleasure in putting the best construction on every appearance

of evil. Though timid by nature, I was endued with a holy hardihood: I had great zeal for the glory of God, and my love for my fellow-creatures made me most active and diligent in exhorting. I also gained a clearer insight into the Word of God, and understood its meaning infinitely better than before. I had at all times a mean opinion of myself, and saw myself greatly inferior to other children of God, especially my colleagues, so that I always wished them to speak, pray, exhort, &c., instead of myself: I had the impression that they acquitted themselves better than I did; I observed with pleasure that they were preferred to me; and I took delight in mentioning all that I saw in them to admire, that they might be the more highly esteemed. This state of happiness lasted about a year: after this I lost the witness, or at least it was withdrawn for a time, because I had not confessed Christ in the presence of several persons with whom I was travelling. I was prompted to speak to them of salvation, but false shame kept me back: the consequences were bitter. After a time I regained this witness. The passage of Scripture quoted above was applied anew in the same sense, and I was as happy as before. I lived under a tranquil sky, without shadow or cloud. Joy and happiness were my daily portion.

"*Question* 4. Can you now say that sin no longer dwelleth in you? My answer is humiliating, for I cannot speak positively. At least, I

am not clear. What I do know positively is this, that I have no longer the witness of a pure heart. I am perplexed, and sometimes cannot distinguish whether it is sin or only temptation that I feel within me. I have a measure of grace, but I cannot say at this moment that I possess the blessing. Let not this avowal discourage you, my dear brother. To the law and to the testimony! Let God be true! Every uninspired man may be a liar! I have no need to tell you, after this confession, how much I stand in need of your prayers."

During our missionary's stay at Bourdeaux, the work of God prospered greatly. Conversions were numerous, and the church, stimulated by his preaching and example, endeavoured to adorn the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ. The public services were attended by numbers of hearers: the prayer-meetings on Saturday nights were during the spring of 1839 regularly frequented by from sixty to eighty persons. Rostan was also called to act the part of a spiritual physician to an extent exceeding all his previous experience. He was called to treat certain moral maladies that are but rarely to be met with. In this he displayed the exquisite tact and good sense which formed so marked a feature in his character. The pamphlet which he published at Paris some years later, entitled "The Unpardonable Sin," gives a summary of his conversations on this subject with

two of the Bourdeaux Christians, conversations which brought light to their consciences, burdened by fears in reference to the sin against the Holy Ghost. The argument is clear, precise, compact, and strictly scriptural: at the same time the treatise is simple and popular in style: it bears the impress of a spirit hostile to all sophistry and ambiguity, which seizes on the practical side of a question, strips it of all disguises, and sets it in its true light with a forcefulness that ensures immediate conviction. These two conversations give us a sufficiently clear idea of what Rostan was in his pastoral visits, and in regard to the "cure of souls." He is there pictured to the life; and, after studying the portrait, we are no longer surprised at the great and salutary influence he wielded over so many minds. His word derived its authority from the power of his faith and the ardour of his convictions: it triumphed, not through external charms of a superficial eloquence, but by means of the sympathy it awakened in the heart, and of the hold it gained on the consciences of men.

During his stay at Bourdeaux, Rostan lost his father. He thus writes to M. Cook.

"*Vars, March*, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER,—It pleased the Lord to take my father to Himself on the 26th of last month. That which consoles me on his account is the assurance that he is gone to his rest. The last

months of his life were marked by frequent and fervent prayers, and the clear sense of his adoption. His death was one of the easiest. He did not keep his bed for a single day. On the very day of his death he got up and busied himself with various affairs. Toward evening, feeling himself worse than usual, he sent for the doctor, and at five o'clock went to bed without assistance. At seven, my brother returned without the doctor, who said he could not come up to Vars till to-morrow. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I shall have no need of him.' My brother read him a letter he had just received from me. He heard it through: two minutes after, he lifted his eyes heavenward and sighed gently twice. They called him, but in vain: he was no more.

"Having heard that my father was worse, I left immediately for Vars, but was too late to see him. I have the blessed prospect of meeting him one day in the presence of the Father of mercies. May this separation humble me, and tend to make me more holy."

Toward the end of May, Rostan went to Establet, a new station recently established among the mountains east of La Drôme. The three months he spent here were months of prodigious activity. He walked twenty or five and twenty leagues per week along rough mountain roads, and preached fourteen or fifteen times in the same space of time. And while thus laying himself out in the

work of evangelisation, he employed the few moments he could spare at night in correspondence with his friends in various places. His letters show that even in this short period he could apply to himself the declaration, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

We borrow the following extracts:—

"*To* M. Cook, *Pastor, London.**

"*Estublet, August* 15, 1839.

Dear Brother,—The news that a fourth labourer has been appointed to La Drôme rejoices me greatly. My heart often bleeds because I cannot accept the numerous invitations which reach us from all quarters, but especially from Messieurs Boissier, Roman, and others. The Lord appears to have heard their cry, and to have had regard to my anguish of soul, in sending us a colleague. We shall no doubt need many more, for the field is wide, very wide: all doors are open to us, and the harvest whitens. But let us have patience, and while we await more abundant succours, let us be full of gratitude to the Conference for this new pledge of its affection. O! may our colleague be another Neff, not in shortening his precious days, but in diligent and successful labours in the cause of so good a Master,

* M. Cook was now in England for the purpose of attending the annual Conference, held this year at Liverpool.

who sustains, encourages, and so richly rewards His servants even here below.

"I write in reply to yours by return of post, knowing that 'good news from a far country' are as running waters in the time of drought. But, indeed, will not a little stream from La Drôme be lost in the great river at Liverpool? After you have drunk to the full of the broad streams of the Conference, will a tiny and noiseless rivulet attract any attention? Perhaps it may, for we do not despise the brook which flows by our door because at some distance a great river waters the wide prairies and draws its own supplies from a thousand such rills. Well, my brother, the joys you have had in abundance at Liverpool, I have had in my measure at this new station. God has turned my sorrow into joy. He has revived His work in these parts. The older converts, whose piety had greatly declined, have been re-converted. Others have been brought to the gospel, and are full of the fire of their first love. The zeal of the latter stimulates the former, as the experience of the former restrains and directs the latter. There is this advantage in the spiritual life, that the young communicate their zeal and vigour to the old, and receive in return a measure of their prudence, steadfastness, and rich experience. I have sometimes said that Christians are to the visible Church what horses are to a *diligence:* with good horses well harnessed and pulling well together, the carriage

runs marvellously well: but if the horses are ill-matched, all goes wrong. I often find how true this is. O that Christians may everywhere be filled with a sense of their obligations and privileges, then all flesh shall see the salvation of God!

"Our class-meetings have been a real blessing in this part of the country; and, in proportion as they are better understood and appreciated, they will become a still greater blessing. Many persons have said, 'This is just what we wanted.' In the little commune of Charens alone, we have fifty persons meeting in class. Among these there may be a few unstable souls, but many also, I trust, who will shine as stars for ever and ever. This is a source of great joy."

The following letter, though written somewhat later, will fitly close this chapter:—

To M. COMBE, *at Les Pialoux* (*Drôme*).

Codognan, September 13, 1839.

"DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS OUR EMMANUEL,—What you have told me respecting the work has greatly interested me: I cannot say more. I rejoice and yet I am sorrowful, because much good or much harm will follow, according as matters are conducted with prudence and discernment, or otherwise. Satan has cast two great stumbling-blocks in your way. It is necessary with equal diligence to avoid both.

"One of these stumbling-blocks is as follows. Those who hold entire sanctification, whether they

possess or are only seeking the blessing, are in danger of despising or making light of justification, of exalting Christian perfection unduly, and of speaking with too much enthusiasm and imprudence of this great work in the presence of those who do not yet believe in it. They may sometimes be tempted to say that all those who combat this doctrine are children of darkness, worldly-minded, servants of the devil. If the devil can succeed in tempting any one to speak so, he will take advantage of it in order to carry on his work. All this must be avoided. It is by sweetness, kindness, and all sorts of gentle methods that we must convince the gainsayers, rather than by strife of words. 'Show me thy faith by thy works.' Tell this to those of our friends who are convinced of the necessity of entire sanctification. Let them never forget that those who oppose them may be very sincere, may enjoy a high degree of the favour of God. They believe that they are doing good, and rendering God service, by combating with all their might a truth which appears to them a grave, a fatal error. O! you who have obtained the blessing of a pure heart, keep nearer to Jesus than ever, watch and pray more than ever. The devil hates you more than ever: keep your heart, then, keep your tongue. There is a possibility of falling: therefore live in God. Beware of pride, of enthusiasm, of vain glory, of babbling, of slander, &c. Let your looks, your actions, your words, your bearing, yea, all that is within you, preach holi-

ness unto the Lord. An exemplary walk is the strongest of all arguments, the most efficacious preaching. Walk as God commands you to walk, and those who now oppose will soon join themselves to you. Speak little to men, but much to God.

"The other stumbling-block is that which lies in the way of those who do not believe in entire sanctification. They regard it as unattainable on this side of the tomb: in their eyes it is an impossibility. To profess it is, in their judgment, the greatest of errors, the greatest of delusions: it is pride, it is presumption. As a consequence, they make it their duty to combat it. They scan most closely the conduct of those who are supposed to be sanctified, and if they do not in everything correspond,—I will not say to the scriptural standard of sanctification,—but to the ideal of holiness formed by their own imagination, they will condemn them, they will criticise them: they will be infinitely better pleased to discover some imperfection, perhaps perfectly consistent with Christian holiness, than to find only marks of genuine sanctity. Now, this is a great snare of the devil. These dear friends do not consider that they are playing the same part toward their brethren that unbelievers played toward themselves in reference to their conversion. If I had any influence with them as a minister of Christ, I would say, My friends, take care you are not found fighting against God, without knowing or wishing it. Do not condemn, do not judge anything before the

time. The ways of God are not our ways. His riches are unsearchable. You cannot limit the arm of the Almighty. O take care you do not cause those to perish for whom Christ died. Those souls with whom you are waging war are full of joy and happiness. They pray much, they have great zeal. Are not these good things? If they are in error, that is a capital error which makes them active and joyful in the service of God. Have patience: leave the matter to God: if they are really in error, He will be able to bring them back. You and I know but little of the ways of God. We are but children: let us not fall to disputing. What is it that you fear? Do you fear that souls will become too holy, that they will contend too earnestly against every species of sin? O no! certainly not. You yourselves desire the same holiness, for you desire—which is the same thing—to love God with all your heart: you feel your need of it, and you ask for it every day in your prayers, when you say, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Now, either you believe you may receive what you ask for, or you do not. If you do not, you mock God by asking what you do not believe you can receive. In this case also, you can no longer pray, Sanctify us wholly, spirit, soul, and body. (1 Thess. v. 23.) If you believe you shall receive it, cease to wage war with those who say they have, or who are seeking the same blessing with all their hearts."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIXTH MISSION IN THE ALPS.—CHANNEL ISLANDS.—SICKNESS.

OCTOBER, 1839—SEPTEMBER, 1841.

ROSTAN always regarded himself as the Missionary of the Alps, although for once he had omitted to pass the winter there. He never ceased to plead earnestly with M. Cook on their account, and his letters are full of touching appeals in behalf of this portion of the field. "If the climate of the Alps," writes he, "be too severe for our brethren to spend the winter there without danger, rather than see the work abandoned, I offer to go there myself every winter until old age or death prevent me. I beseech you for the love of Felix Neff, for the love of souls, for the love of Him who gave His life for the sheep, do not abandon the Alps. They have not cost you yet the life of one missionary, and if they should do so,—here am I: send me, to die there, if need be."

The following winter his request was granted, and in the month of October, 1839, he returned to his beloved Alpine flock, to spend the whole of the winter season there. A rapid survey sufficed to discover to him that, during the two years of his absence, the revival had halted in its progress;

and he knew by experience that, in such a work, every halt is a retreat. The zeal of many had slackened, and with their zeal their interior life had sensibly declined. The first feeling of the missionary was that of a profound discouragement; but, with such a character as his, it was possible to confront discouragement, not to succumb to it. His faith soon recovered the ascendency, and he set to work with indefatigable diligence, thoroughly determined to bring about a better state of things. Toward the close of the year, he wrote as follows to M. Cook.

"*Violins (Hautes Alpes)*,
"*December* 24, 1839.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I suppose you have returned from La Rochelle, and are again in the bosom of your beloved family: hence I write these few lines. My letter will scarcely edify you, for sterility reigns on every side, and in consequence my spirit droops. I know of no conversion since my arrival. Some of my hearers seem to vie with each other which shall sleep the soundest, not only during the sermon, but even during the singing and prayer. This is worse than sowing by the wayside. There are no classes now at Pallons, none at Les Mensals: the old members say they are 'getting on,' (sad illusion for the most part,) but as to meeting in class, there is no possibility of that! Indifference on the one hand, and miserable broils through lack of charity on the

other, separate them and keep them asunder. In view of these things, I have more than once succumbed for a moment to discouragement and despondency. I was ready to leave these faithless ones to themselves, but I remember that eighteen months ago I offered to spend my winters here. And I do not retract my offer, but I tell you frankly how I have been tried. I am more and more convinced that the conversion of souls is a Divine work, a miracle not less marvellous than the resurrection of the body. But we must prophesy, like Ezekiel, first to the bones and then to the Breath.

"However discouraging the work in the Alps appears to me, the spoilt child, as M. Ehrmann terms me, it is not all discouragement: there is ground for both encouragement and hope. 1. For encouragement, inasmuch as all is not lost: we still have some good classes, and all do not sleep under the preaching. We still have four members at St. Véran, ten at Fontgillarde, seven at Arvieux, three at Vars, six at Les Violins, and twenty at Dormilhouse; fifty in all. And these fifty are a precious residue of a decayed work of grace: they are the salt of the earth, the light of the world. O! for the love of these fifty righteous, and of all those whom Elias knows not, the Alps shall never be abandoned! 2. There is ground for hope. Our Sunday-schools at Arvieux and Dormilhouse prosper: the children are diligent and make progress. Besides this, Mesdames C——,

with whom I have exchanged five or six letters concerning our prospects here, propose to train some of our younger sisters as schoolmistresses for this district. They will raise funds sufficient to guarantee an annual salary, and are about to build schools at Arvieux: the land is purchased and the foundations already laid in. This benevolent proposition I recommend to your prayers, and through you to the prayers of our people."

During the seven years that Rostan had been engaged in the work of the ministry, he had made rapid progress. The mountaineer had lost his rusticity, but had retained that substratum of simplicity which formed a part of his very nature. Without detriment to his striking originality, his intellect had been considerably developed, and could easily bend itself to any subject. None felt more deeply than himself the inevitable chasms that existed in his general knowledge, and he strove to fill them by the diligent study to which he devoted his leisure hours. His preaching, which at first seems to have borne some traces of that genuine timidity which caused him to suffer so cruelly, gradually gained a freedom that enabled him to expatiate at will over the well-known and well-cultivated field of the Written Word. Rather ingenious than profound, he did not perhaps lay bare the depths of his subject, but he struck out from it a shower of brilliant sparks. Sustained by ardent and inspiriting convictions, and by an inexhaustible love

for souls, he had at command a singularly vigorous style, which was never wanting in appropriate expressions, and which by means of popular and picturesque images rendered his thoughts perfectly transparent. These novel and interesting gifts, together with the integrity of his character and the remarkable success which had rewarded his zeal, rapidly gained for Rostan a reputation he had never sought.

The Channel Islands, those fruitful nurseries of French Methodism, knew the name of our missionary from the time of his earliest membership. The tidings of the revivals which from the first had accompanied his preaching, as well as of the persecutions he had undergone, had reached the ears of these Christians, and rendered popular among them the name of the Missionary of the Alps. Hence he was invited in the spring of 1840 to visit the islands, in order to take part in the annual meetings held in behalf of the cause of missions, and to plead for the spiritual interests of France.

Great was his astonishment when the news came of this nomination: his first thought was that there had been some mistake, and that it could not really be he, the humble pastor of the secluded Alpine flocks, that was invited to minister to churches which he had always regarded with an admiration bordering on awe. Let us allow him to express for himself the feelings he experienced.

"*To* M. Francois Guiton, *Jersey.*

"*Freyssinières, Feb.* 4, 1840.

"My dear Brother,—I protest against the papal infallibility, but I must confess it would have been exceedingly fortunate if the Missionary Committee had for this year at least possessed a small portion of it: then I am sure they would not have chosen me as a deputation to your islands. I greatly regret it, and suffer much on account of it in my whole heart and soul. Would to God I were the only one, but I fear that after the month of May too many of your islanders will share my regret. So much the worse. I have done all I could to get myself excused. I begged M. Cook to write for me. He replied, 'Write yourself, my brother; but, however you may write, you must go. If you say, I am the man you want, they will answer, Come and let us judge of that for ourselves. If you say, I am not the man you want, they will still say, Come: come and make the trial, and then we shall know it as well as you.' Such are the tactics of the Wesleyans: when once they lay hands on you, it is not easy to escape. What shall I say then, dear brother, what shall I do? It seems that I must take up this cross of lead and carry it to your door. If the Lord will carry me and the cross too, all will be well. If not, if I am crushed under it, let me be crushed. The sooner the better, for the old man is a very wicked man. With much trembling, then, I accept your invi-

tation. Let the will of God be done, and mine subdued for ever."

The fears expressed in this letter were not realised. Leaving Nîmes on the 2nd of April, Rostan arrived in the Channel Islands in due course, where he met with the warmest reception. As we have allowed him to speak of his fears, let us hear from him next how they vanished.

"*To* M. Cook, *Pastor, Nîmes.*

"*Guernsey, April* 27, 1840.

"My dear Brother,—Be it well or ill, I have done my best, but I think I have never done so badly. What has surprised me not a little is, that after so poor a sermon and so poor a speech, there should have been such a good collection: forty-one pounds sterling, seven more than last year, and that was an extraordinary year. The Lord has been with us even until now. His presence and influence have been felt in our anniversaries. Three more and we shall have finished at Guernsey for the year 1840.

"This is the fourth time I have taken pen in hand to scribble these few lines, and I can scarcely accomplish it now, I am so busy. The people are insatiable. I preach thrice on the Sabbath, and nearly every morning at five o'clock: then every evening there is a Missionary Meeting. Between these two services I am always visiting, and have not one poor moment for myself."

"*To* M. H. DE JERSEY, *Pastor, Roubaix.*

"*Paris, June* 4, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is with joy and thanksgiving I tell you that my cross of lead is fallen from my shoulders: it fell in Ebenezer Chapel, Guernsey, and I will venture to say it is converted into a cross of silver. Yes, I thank God for my journey to the islands. My soul has been watered: my faith is increased. It appears to me at present that the great enemy, fear, a timidity contrary to the Gospel, is put under my feet. O may I always keep it there!

"God has helped me in a remarkable manner, so that I have spoken and preached with as much or more liberty before the large congregations of the islands as among the Alps. This is owing to the goodness of God and the prayers of the friends. May God bless and recompense them. Our collections at Jersey alone exceed those of the previous year by fifty pounds. It appears that some persons have joined the Society since they heard your Alpine. God be praised!"

The prodigious activity of eight or ten years thus spent in the work of evangelisation began now to tell on Rostan's health, and induced a general debility in his digestive system. On his return from the islands, he felt that he needed rest. A throat complaint, issuing in severe inflammation of the larynx, deprived him of his voice and compelled him to intermit his labours.

This affliction, which had at first appeared to be of slight importance, rapidly increased, until it necessitated severe measures. We borrow the following extracts from his correspondence.

"*Codognan, July* 9. My throat is not yet cured; I feel weary, very weary, every day. I feel that I am no longer 'the indefatigable:' I need a little rest, but how can I get it, as long as I have power to stir and there is so much to do?

"*Nîmes, July* 25. My poor throat cries, 'Mercy! grant me some lenitive, at least a little rest, or I shall withhold my services.' I believe it is time to listen to the cry: preaching is prohibited for a time, and I have permission to visit the Alps.

"*Vars, August* 14. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord! Such is the expression of my feelings to-day: judge if I have not good reason. Between Beaucaire and Aix, at about two a.m., we encountered a great storm: the claps of thunder shook the ground beneath our feet. Thunderbolts fell frequently at a little distance from us, and once only four feet in front of the conveyance. At this moment, the driver had halted the horses to attend to his lantern: otherwise, the bolt must have struck the company. All the travellers trembled with fear; and I, seated on the box beside the driver, besought the Lord to spare our lives and to give us grace. He did so. I regard myself as raised from the dead, and my life belongs to Him.

". . . . I have another ground of thanksgiving. I behold the land of my childhood in its full beauty, a privilege I have not enjoyed for eight years.* These mountains covered with their green carpet and enamelled with flowers,—these little rivulets which wind through the valleys, sometimes falling in cascades, sometimes flowing through the meadows which they nourish with their streams, till they lose themselves in the river below,—these innumerable corn-sheaves dotting the fields,—these flocks of sheep, with their tinkling bells, feeding on the slopes of the mountain, and bringing every night their rich, sweet milk,—all these and a thousand other things recall my days of rural husbandry and my happy childhood! O, what delightful reminiscences! A Codognanese cannot understand it. The goodness, power, and love of God shine out on every hand, and I exclaim to myself, 'God is love!'"

We should be greatly mistaken if we imagined that during these eight months of enforced rest and seclusion, Rostan was so absorbed by his own ailments as not to give earnest heed to the state of the work of God at large. From his modest chamber innumerable letters and pastoral epistles were sent forth to direct, encourage, comfort, and reprove friends, known or unknown, who sought his counsel and help. This hidden ministry, the extent of which doubtless no one could have

* He had only visited the Alps in winter.

suspected at the time, is apparent to us from the large collection of letters before us belonging to this period. We shall content ourselves, however, with a few gleanings from this abundant harvest.

"*Codognan, September* 21, 1840.

". . . . I passed by L——, as I was returning from the Alps. I had not, however, chosen the best opportunity: it was during the holidays. L—— is an agreeable country, covered with apple-trees, pear-trees, walnut-trees, and chestnut-trees, intermixed with tufts of pine. This place, embosomed among well-wooded hills of moderate elevation, is picturesque enough, but not like the Alps.

"All you have said of Felix Neff has an interest for me: I have read it again and again. If ever I visit Geneva, I shall do as you did. But it seems to me inconceivable that his tomb could not be found,—the tomb of that Neff, whose memory is so fresh in the Alps and in my heart, and who is still so deeply mourned in the valley of Freyssinières. My heart burns with indignation against those who tell you that you would have loved Neff less if you had known him personally. Certainly he was not an angel: he was the first to complain of himself: but I am sure you would have loved him if you had known him. But is it not probably a sectarian spirit that has pronounced these unfavourable criticisms on a man of God

who has unconsciously immortalized himself by his exemplary devotion? I am impatiently awaiting his life by M. Bost.

"Those who restrict the blessings of the New Covenant to the measure of their own understanding are truly to be pitied. I am persuaded that better days are coming for Switzerland: already the dawn appears. Are not the advocates of sin to be compared to old carriers who, accustomed to travel at the pace of a loaded waggon and on execrable roads, should stoutly maintain that it is not possible to travel otherwise, either with greater rapidity or on better roads? 'But,' one might say, 'at such a place there are conveyances that run much faster than your unwieldy waggon.' 'Ah! that is pride: stay a moment, this conveyance, that would travel so much faster than we, is upset and everybody in it killed.' 'But there are the railways.' 'Ah! take care how you trust to them: it is a new invention: our fathers never heard of such a thing. It is said they propel people by smoke.' But at last the people will have their eyes opened, and will appreciate their privileges and enjoy them. So be it!"

"*Codognan, November* 28, 1840.

"I WILL risk a reply to the principal points in your letter. They are five in number, and would furnish matter for five sermons; but I must be brief.

"I. 'Of what avail is it to believe in the doctrine of entire sanctification? If I do not obtain the blessing, it would be as well not to believe in it.' Pardon me: I am quite of another opinion. If it were simply the case of believing and not receiving, I should say, not that it would be quite as well, but much better not to believe. (Luke xii. 47.) But when with the belief there is conjoined the blessed hope of receiving it at some time or other, and in this hope you ask and wait, certainly, instead of saying it would be much better not to believe in it, I should say, This belief in the doctrine is a great step gained, it is one obstacle the less to the reception of the blessing.

"II. 'Can you tell me how an entire deliverance from sin is ascertained to the soul?' We know that we are delivered from all sin, 1. When we keep all God's commandments. 2. When God dwelleth in us and we in Him. 3. Lastly, we know it by the Spirit of God Himself. It is He who has given us these three marks by the beloved disciple. (1 John iii. 24.) I cannot produce better evidences than these three: there are no others.

"III. 'In the case of inward temptations, how can those which arise from a corrupt will be distinguished from those presented by Satan?' Nothing is easier for him who has the evidence of a pure heart. He can say without fear of self-deception that none of his temptations, whatever

they may be, proceed from a corrupt will or from a root of bitterness. He has the testimony that there is no more corruption in him: he cannot, therefore, attribute his temptations to that which no longer exists. The case is not so plain as it regards one who does not possess this testimony, whether it be that he has not received or that he has lost it. It is very difficult and, in certain cases, perhaps impossible to ascertain whether such a temptation comes from a root of corruption or from the devil. But what is most important for him who has not the evidence of an entire sanctification is, not to know whether such a temptation comes from within or from beneath, (since temptation is not sin,) but (1) to surmount the temptation, from whatever quarter it may spring, and (2) to seek the evidence of a pure heart.

"*November* 30. Yesterday (Sunday), I put the above question to several persons assembled. A friend, who has enjoyed the blessing for a number of years, replied: 'All the temptations that the heart caresses, though without yielding to them, all those which it only repels for conscience' sake, and in spite of the secret desire of the soul,—all those, in a word, which draw out the heart and by which it is enticed, spring from a remnant of corruption. Those that are presented by the devil are very different. They make no impression on the heart (that is pure): they present themselves to the mind, but it is as a bird which flies past

the window. They may attract our attention and in consequence are grievous, but the heart does not attract them, because it is dead. It is as if a person offered me some dainty which I once was fond of, but which would now be poison: so far from feeling any desire to eat, I should loathe it with horror: everything within me would repel it: you might as well offer food to a dead man. Such,' she concluded, 'is my own experience. It has not always been so: but by the grace of God it is so now.' I give you the substance of her reply without note or comment.

"IV. 'What do you think of sins of omission?' 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not,' saith the Holy Ghost, 'to him it is sin.' I think, then, that sins of omission are as evil in their nature as sins of commission: that is to say, if I wilfully neglect a known duty, I commit sin, whatever be the cause of such negligence; but if involuntarily, as for instance through defect of memory, I do not commit sin.

"V. 'I believe God will sanctify me gradually, but not that He will do so now, in an instant.' Do not, then, be surprised that you have not yet received this blessing. It is done unto you, as the Scripture says, 'according to your faith.' You hope to receive it at some indefinite future time: but mark, you will nevertheless have to believe for the present moment, for the future will become the present. And the future will afford you no opportunity of receiving this grace, except by

becoming the present. Otherwise, the future is always the future; that is to say, so far as concerns us, it is nothing. It is the present that is ours: it is in the present that we live. The future might give us some hopes, if we sought to merit anything, or to render ourselves worthy of Divine grace: then we might hope to be more worthy to-morrow than to-day: but since it is by grace, by faith, that we are saved, the present is the only time, and it is the best time. Come, then, do a feasible thing: exercise this present moment that faith which you hope to exercise in some future moment continually postponed; and, I assure you, all is done.

"One word more: I believe, as you do, that God does not carry on His work in all alike. All are not struck to the ground with Saul of Tarsus. Many are gently drawn 'with the cords of a man,' and their conversion is not the less real, though they cannot fix the date. They have, sooner or later, the evidence of the change. I believe it so in general in regard to entire sanctification. To some it comes as a mighty flood, with thunders and lightnings: on others it is bestowed like a gentle rain, which falls noiseless from skies less charged with clouds. But it is none the less true that the reception of this blessing is instantaneous: there is a progressive preparation for it, and a progressive establishment in it; but its bestowment is instantaneous, because it is of faith, and not of works."

CHAPTER IX.

SWITZERLAND:—LAUSANNE AND AIGLE.

1841—1844.

In the autumn of 1841, Rostan was called to labour in conjunction with M. Cook in the Canton de Vaud. It was not without many fears that he entered on a field which to him was a *terra incognita.* He was encouraged, however, by the thought that he would be associated in this work with a man whom he had always regarded in the light of a father, and whose experience had often afforded him succour and support. His letters describe his first impressions, and his first conflicts and successes.

"*To* M. H. de Jersey, *Pastor, Ganges.*

"*Lausanne, November* 4, 1841.

". . . . The Canton de Vaud, the only canton in Switzerland with which I have any acquaintance, is wonderful for its natural features. I know no country to equal it for the variety of its scenery. The environs of Lausanne, hilly and of diversified aspect, are richly productive of white wine. The lake, of which the town commands a view, is magnificent; especially when the clouds,

gilded by the setting sun, are reproduced beneath its surface, while the smooth expanse is ruffled by the light evening breeze. The mountains are sublime: there is a whole world of them on the Savoy side, some well-wooded, others rocky and arid, others again covered with snow and with the eternal glaciers, and in the midst of these last Mont Blanc, standing like the commander-in-chief of them all: and, let Phœbus and Boreas toil as they may through the twelve months of the year, they cannot disrobe him of his snowy mantle. On the Swiss side, the mountains are quite different. Though lofty, they are generally rich in pasture. Trees of various kinds grow in abundance. The richly carpeted mountain-slopes are dotted with *chalets* resembling the wooden houses of Le Queyras, and innumerable cattle roam everywhere at their will.

"But let us speak of this country from a religious point of view. To tell the truth, when I heard Switzerland proposed as a Methodist station, I feared it was a Methodist folly. 'What!' said I to myself, 'seek to evangelise a country reputed so religious, so evangelical, so advanced in Biblical knowledge?' But I have come, seen, and heard; and I perceive that what seemed to me at first a Methodist folly is indeed the wisdom of God. The Canton de Vaud is in a state of perfect anarchy; and a Society like ours, which has fixed principles, at once comprehensive and scriptural, —which has a regular organisation, an eminently

evangelical discipline, a constitution within the limits of my knowledge incomparable, and beyond all this, sound doctrine,—such a Society, I say, is here a great benefit, a pressing want, not to say an absolute necessity. Of this you may judge yourself from the actual state of affairs. The National Church has neither creed nor discipline. The dissenting churches seem to be making rapid strides toward dissolution. Some of them have joined the Plymouth Brethren, others the National Church. The Brethren, those wandering comets that bring with them anarchy and disorder, appear to have been sent as a scourge from God. According to them, there is no church, no pastorate, no law. The world will be converted by the corporeal presence of Jesus Christ, who is to reign a thousand years, and not by the preaching of the Gospel. These views are enchanting to many minds, and many persons have embraced them. The Irvingites also have their disciples. The Lardonists who have essayed to walk on the waters of the lake, also have their adherents. I ask you whether, amid such a chaos, Methodism was not a grand necessity. Yet it is misunderstood, misrepresented, miscalled: everybody is against us: slander, falsehood, and calumny are employed in order to paralyze our efforts. That we exist is a miracle: should we succeed, it will be a greater miracle still. Glory be to God, in spite of all opposition, we have the indubitable evidence that God is with us. Many souls have

been converted under our ministry. Already, at Lausanne alone, about fifty persons meet in class. This somewhat exasperates our adversaries. But we have taken our stand: we will let them do and say what they please, and in the meantime hold on our way. Our business is to awaken sinners and bring them to Jesus, and to establish on their most holy faith those believers who come to hear us, or who, having been converted through our instrumentality, continue attached to our ministry. Let us hope that God will carry on His own work, and will pluck many brands out of the fire. Pray, O! pray much on our behalf."

The year spent at Lausanne was for Rostan like a "burning fiery furnace:" he suffered far more here than he had done in the midst of the persecutions of La Vaunage and the Cevennes. The hostility of the world found him calm and impassive, for he expected it: the hostility of professed Christians took him by surprise, and affected him deeply. He could not believe it possible that the different battalions of one and the same army should oppose each other under the very eyes of the enemy, who, on their part, knew how much depended on their union.

The views spread by the Plymouth Brethren sapped the very foundations of all evangelical activity, weakened existing church-organisations, and sowed dissension among Christians. Metho-

dism was not slow to detect in these "quietist" doctrines, which replaced the fruitful activity of the Church by a querulous and barren mysticism, a most potent and formidable solvent, tending to the disintegration of all spiritual life. On the other hand, Darbyism, as it was called, perceived that Methodism, by its very practicalness, must alienate from itself the minds of those it influenced. Hence the opposition obstinately maintained. Our brother's mind was grieved at the sight of souls that had been won from the world by his instrumentality, becoming estranged from him through occult influences, seduced by the mirage of a deceptive liberty. "I have had terrible distress," he writes, "to the extent of being ill for some days, at seeing several of my children in the faith turned away by false teachers from the simplicity of the Gospel. I understand better than ever how great Paul's sorrow must have been, when his children were seduced from the truth as it is in Jesus."

A new malady also prostrated him this winter in the shape of a nervous fever, which greatly enfeebled him for a time, and condemned him for two months to absolute rest and strict regimen. At the return of spring, Rostan by degrees regained his strength, and resumed his labours with greater zeal than ever. "I regard it as a duty," writes he to a friend on the 14th of May, 1842, "to inform you that the Lord has fully restored me to health. Not only have I thoroughly

recovered from my nervous fever, but my throat also is quite well, so that for nearly two months I have been able to preach thrice every Sabbath and once every day in the week."

In order to gain some respite from these physical and spiritual burdens, Rostan sometimes took a journey among the mountains. During one of these excursions, in which the salvation of souls still occupied him more than the care of his health, he wrote the following letter:—

"*To* M. PAUL COOK, *Student, Lausanne.*

"*Ormonts-Dessus, June* 28, 1842.

"MY DEAR PAUL,—Here I am at the end of the world,—of the Vaudois world,—and in the bosom of the Diablerets, having a rock for my arm-chair, glaciers for my carpet, and for my pictures nature herself, richly decked with varied scenes. Here are forests of trees of different kinds, rising one above the other: here is a rich green turf, enamelled with flowers of every hue: here is, in a word, a country flowing with milk and honey. I have for music the song of a thousand birds, the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of kids, and, by way of accompaniment, the deafening roar of a shower of cascades. I say a shower, for, without changing my position, my eye counts no less than sixty-two. It is from the midst of the radiant arch of yonder rainbow, or rather from that arch of stone majestically rising above the clouds and crowned with a splendid glacier, white

as snow, that this numerous family of cascades takes its rise. It springs from the icy head of the mountain, increases and multiplies as it courses along its marbled sides, then perishes at its snowy, sandy, or rocky feet. Here the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

"If you had finished your examinations, and if Vevey did not call on me to return for Sunday next, I would say to you,—Paul, get permission from your parents to come hither with Emile. I would undertake that you should ramble from mountain to mountain, and valley to valley; and, if you are capable of doing so, you should enjoy yourselves as naturalists, botanists, mineralogists, and I will add as pietists too. I would make you take ten, twelve, or sixteen hours a day of gymnastic exercise such as we take in the country of the chamois, and after that I assure you that you would enjoy yourselves as sleepers too. You should have a good mattress prepared for you: your sleep should be profound, unbroken, sweet. Tell your papa that in coming here I had hoped for a week's rest, but the Lord has so provided me with work that I cannot rest. On Saturday night, after my arrival, I preached, and we had a very good gathering. On Sunday I preached in the temple in the afternoon, and again at six in the evening. The ordinary place of worship being too small, we held the service in the open air. The scene was one of the most interesting I have ever beheld.

In the distance fronting me were those cascades I have spoken of, and the grand glaciers of Les Diablerets: on all sides were gardens and meadows, rivulets and chalets; and what is worth far more, an audience, numerous, attentive, and moved even to tears. Some let their tears flow freely: others dried them: here and there were smiles of satisfaction. After the service, the pastor came up to me and said, 'I do not know whether you can stay, but you are invited to preach elsewhere,' naming several places. So, you see, all my week is taken up. Good-bye to my rest!"

The following letter was addressed to one of his friends in the South of France.

"*To* MADAME MAROGER, *Nimes.*

"*Lausanne, August* 1, 1842.

". . . . I trust your faith in the promises of God is growing stronger and more immovable, whatever your trials may be. And then, encouraged by the past, you will be able to say with David, 'I will call upon Thee, for Thou hast heard me, O God!' (Psalm xvii. 6.)

"Yes, dear sister, with such declarations, such experiences, such a God, should we not ask much, should we not expect much? The word *little* ought to be blotted out of the Christian's dictionary, ought to be altogether disused among believers, who ought to be extraordinary people,

not ordinary people. Yes, we ought to be extraordinary in faith, in love, in humility, in self-renunciation; extraordinary in prayer, in hope, and in confidence; extraordinary in all that relates to life and experience. Now, are we such when, for instance, we scarcely believe what we see with our own eyes? Are we such when, in a moment of lukewarmness or remissness, we allow ourselves to be disheartened and cast away our confidence, and alas! too often our love, our zeal, our faith, our joy, and are weighed down with weariness and ennui? Certainly not. There is a world of persons who have courage, zeal, activity, hope, when everything goes well, when everything proceeds in accordance with their wishes. But when God hides His face for a moment, to exercise or to perfect His work in us, these people have no heart: they are discouraged themselves, and they discourage others. Are these extraordinary people? Surely not, unless it be in an evil sense.

"Where are to be found at Nîmes the sons and daughters of Abraham, of that Abraham who hoped against hope, who 'being not weak in faith, staggered not at the promise of God, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God?' Suppose this father of the faithful were to visit your classes next Sunday: would you believe him, if he were to say, 'My children, we are going to have a revival of religion at Nîmes: in a little while our classes and our public assemblies will be doubled, trebled, yea, multiplied a hundredfold. But it

will require on your part faith and prayer.' 'O Father Abraham,' perhaps more than one person would reply, 'what are you saying? Surely you deceive yourself. Only consider that we have never been so unprepared for such a thing as we are now. Only look at the general coldness, the death that reigns among us. And then, Father Abraham, in order to complete the ruin, they are going to remove thy servant, the one who of all others suits us best. How then can you say, You are going to multiply a hundredfold, since there are all the signs of diminution and decay?' And to this reasoning of the old man would not the father of the faithful reply, 'Degenerate children, people of little faith, I am ashamed to own you for my sons and daughters. Where is your faith? Do you not know that it is of the essence of faith to believe and hope against hope? A fine thing to believe when you already see! A fine thing to hope for a rich harvest when you see the harvest turning yellow, and the ears plentiful and full of grain! Remember Jacob my grandson, who wrestled with such success. Remember my worthy daughter the Canaanite, who, contrary to all expectation, received from the Son of God that gracious answer, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

"Yes, dear sister, let us remember these men and women of faith and prayer, and in the name of the God of the armies of Israel let us go forward. I hope you will always show yourself a worthy

daughter of Abraham. One man or woman of faith and prayer in the town of Nîmes will do more for the work of God than ten thousand whose faith is hesitating and fearful, and who in winter-time scarcely believe in the return of spring."

The following declaration of his principles was addressed to a person who wished to indoctrinate him with millennarian notions, and certain ecclesiastical principles peculiar to Darbyism.

"Happy is he who, once established on the true foundation, is immovable, no more driven to and fro by every wind of doctrine. This last is often the condition of those who attach too much importance to secondary things, and put non-essentials in the place of essentials. For my part, I bless God that He has, for the last twelve years, kept me from these fluctuations. I make little account of my horse's halter or of a few hairs of his mane, when I have the horse well saddled and bridled under me. So I regard the various forms of church-government to which some people cling so tenaciously,—predestination, of which I never speak except when I am obliged, —the millennium, which distracts and divides so many Christians in our day. Certainly, if any one is in a good position in reference to this subject, it is your servant Rostan. He will not be disappointed, whatever be the event, seeing

that he neither receives nor rejects the doctrine absolutely: he leaves the matter among his Master's 'secret things.' If He appears on earth, so much the better, I shall rejoice therein: if He appears in the heavens only, therein also I shall rejoice, provided I retain to the end that which has sustained me from the beginning. My only desire is to be where Jesus is, on earth or in heaven: the place matters little: it is not the place that will make my happiness, but Jesus: He is, and will be, my paradise, my millennium, my eternity of bliss. Believe in the millennium ten times over, or believe it not at all, if you please: that surely need not keep us asunder. But perish all that is of a nature to chill brotherly love, to set Christian families one against another, to dishonour God, to hinder or retard the progress of His cause, to cause the feeble to stumble. Let us pray for this, whatever it may cost us. I say, let my system perish, if it be not in accordance with the mind and will of God. And so with every other."

After the year of labours and sufferings spent at Lausanne, Rostan was called to occupy another station, that of Aigle, a large town about two leagues from the western shores of the Lake of Geneva, and eight from his former post. The work here was not, however, new to him, since it had already formed part of his pastoral charge while he was resident at Lausanne. During the two years spent here, his experiences were of the

same order as during the preceding one, as we learn from the following correspondence.

"*To* M. HOCART, *Pastor, Congénies.*

"*Lausanne, October* 19, 1842.

". . . . Our trials in connexion with the work do not diminish. Two of our female class-leaders have forsaken us. They have embraced the views of the Plymouth Brethren in reference to sanctification. Those views are as follows. Our perfection is in Christ. The fallen man remains a fallen man. God renews no one, raises no one when once fallen, but He *creates.* So Christ is in us the new man who sinneth not: the original man who is fallen remains such, but is rendered powerless by the presence of the new man, &c. Another sister intends coming no more to her class-meeting, and what a stroke, what a rent this will be! How many members will follow her I cannot tell: perhaps one-half, perhaps more. We are, as you may imagine, quite cast down, but believe me, not in despair. I perceive more and more plainly that God has a great work to do here by our means. May it be accomplished! But what inconstancy there is in the Swiss people!

"Our assemblies have not fallen off. We have good prayer-meetings at Lausanne every morning at six o'clock. The work at Aigle is also more encouraging at the present time than in any other part of the field. But we do not place too much confidence in it. I cannot trust man any longer,

I cannot trust myself. Let us pray that the will of God may be done in us and by us, and that He may be glorified in our sufferings and humiliations."

To the Same.

"*Aigle, February* 2, 1844.

". . . . My health is passable, but I grow old. I am an old man before forty. My frame is no longer like quicksilver: it is more like lead. Still it is not yet worn out: I can still go forth to the war.

"At Aigle we have a Sunday-school numbering sixty-six children, of whom seven have found peace with God within the last few weeks. Everything has been done that could be done to ruin it: it was reduced for a time to twenty scholars, but it is improving. The other schoolmasters and schoolmistresses do not cease to scold those of the children who come. They recommend the parents to forbid their attendance. At the day-school, they deprive them of the rewards which they have won, put them in the lowest places, and employ every means to humiliate, to wound, and to dishearten them. They lavish on them such titles as Rostans, saints, sinless ones, seducers, liars, children of Satan, &c. With all this opposition, it is almost a miracle that we should have so many."

The letters of this period preserve the memory of an incident too remarkable not to be inserted

here, viz., the conversion at the age of eight years of Hannah Cook, for whom Rostan had a strong affection; and we mention it the more willingly since this dear child, so soon ripened for heaven, was not long after gathered by the Good Husbandman into the garner above. The following are the particulars of her conversion:—"On Holy Thursday, between eight and nine in the evening our dear little Hannah Cook found peace with God through faith in the blood of Jesus. At six o'clock, she and two companions of her own age, converted some months since, went with M. Cook along the road to Ollon, whither he was going to proclaim the Lamb of God to poor sinners. On her return with her young friends, they withdrew to the room where the meetings are held, sang a verse of a hymn, and then prayed in turn. At eight her companions left, but Hannah was much distressed on account of her sins. Her mamma quoted several passages of Scripture, and among others this, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,' &c. But this declaration seemed to her too general: she could not make it her own. Then her mamma added, 'But may we not say, God so loved Hannah Cook as to give His only Son for her?' At these words a ray of light entered her mind: her heart opened, she understood, believed, embraced Jesus as her Saviour, and cried out, 'O! yes, I feel that Jesus is my Saviour.' Her sobs and tears continued, but they were sobs and tears of joy. They joined in

praising God: her tears ceased, and Hannah was happy in God her Saviour."

On hearing these good tidings, Rostan thus wrote to his young friend:—

". . . . This is the ninth day of your adoption into the family of God. You will never forget that the day on which you passed from death unto life is 'Holy Thursday,' the day on which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ instituted the Holy Supper to be a memorial in His Church of what He has done and suffered to redeem us from sin, death, and the devil; the day on which He was betrayed by Judas and delivered, for us, into the hands of wicked men; the day on which He was 'exceeding sorrowful even unto death,' so that 'His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.' It was that same night that the Shepherd was smitten, as was predicted by the prophet Zechariah, and the sheep were scattered abroad: Jesus's disciples forsook Him and fled, no doubt because they had not obeyed His direction, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' This Saviour ought to be very precious to you, dear Hannah. Born in 'Holy Week,' on 'Holy Thursday!' Ought you not then to be holy too? And when you suffer a little, and when hereafter you suffer much more, will you not remember the day of your spiritual nativity, and what the Lord did, said, and suffered on that

day to make us patient, meek and holy? And now you have believed that God so loved Hannah Cook as to give His only Son for her, ought you not to love Him in return? And we know that to love Him is heaven upon earth. May God bless and keep you evermore!"

A very different event, and one of a very painful character, was about to plunge this beloved family into the profoundest grief: it made a deep impression on the sympathetic mind of Rostan. Madame Cook's health had for some time been in a very precarious state, and the birth of an infant rendered it still more critical. On the 6th of May, Rostan wrote to his colleague as follows:—

"I have heard of the trial you have passed through and are passing through still: I pray God to restore Madame Cook and to support you all, and you especially, my dear brother, under this painful affliction. And I doubt not that the Lord will do it. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' May the Lord put forth His merciful hand, sustain and strengthen her, and spare her to us awhile for His service and glory. May our will ever be lost in His!"

A slight amelioration in the condition of the sufferer proved to be but temporary; and, on the 22nd of May, Rostan wrote from Lausanne, whither he had hastened, to deeply-interested friends:—

"Our beloved Madame Cook entered into her rest yesterday evening, at twenty-five minutes past seven, after a slumber of eight hours and a half: that is to say, she slept from eleven o'clock in the morning without interruption, and passed away from her earthly slumber without any agony to the arms of her Saviour. On Monday she partook of the Lord's Supper with about fifteen of the friends, her husband, her sons and her dear Mary, who then communicated for the first time. This dear child will have through life a touching memorial of the expiatory death of her Saviour, and a sad, but I hope salutary, memorial of the death of her dear mamma. Our dear sister received special assistance from the Most High for this service: she had a word of encouragement, of exhortation, of edification, for each of those who were present. Her death, like her life, has been for the glory of God and the edification of many.

"M. Cook feels the immense loss he has sustained, but he is submissive to the will of God. I have been astonished to see his humility, his simplicity, his devotion to the will of God. But O! what tears he has shed, without ceasing, within these eight days! May they be sanctified to his soul!

"..... On Sunday evening, at half-past seven, M. Cook will preach a funeral sermon for his sainted wife. I have rarely seen a man so tried by the adversary and at the same time so sustained,

enlightened, strengthened by the Lord as our dear brother has been. The assaults of the enemy and the consolations of God, of which he has been the subject, have proved equally profitable to my own soul."

In losing Madame Cook, the church sustained an immense loss. No one, beyond the limits of her family, felt it more deeply than Rostan. He lost in her a friend and a mother. The affection and confidence she had manifested had served greatly to encourage the first efforts of the young missionary: he never forgot them.

Excessive activity had now induced a general debility throughout Rostan's physical organization, and his numerous pulpit exercises had caused a return of the throat affection from which he had suffered three years before. M. Cook had often spoken of putting his indefatigable but imprudent colleague in prison; and now, thinking the best prison would be his native country, advised him to go and breathe for awhile the invigorating air of the French Alps. The following charming epistle, written with all the vivacity which a visit to his native mountains was likely to inspire, details some of the incidents of his journey from Lausanne to Vars.

"*To* EMILE COOK, *Student, Lausanne.*

"*Vars, July* 16, 1844.

"MY DEAR EMILE,— You asked me

for some details of my journey: I will give you them. You shall travel with me in imagination, and you will travel much more cheaply than I did, and with much less fatigue. You will see, hear, learn, and, perhaps, enjoy yourself. Let us begin.

"*Monday, July* 8.—At the stroke of twelve P. M., you will remember, three strong horses left the office at Lausanne at full gallop, having at their heels a coachful of human bodies and immortal souls. It was not the chariot of Elijah, very far from that: we were six hours in reaching, not the skies, but Calvin's city of Geneva. I arrived without sleep, without weariness, without accident.

"*Tuesday*, 9.—From six to ten in the morning I paid visits to several persons in Geneva, in particular to the mother of Felix Neff, my father in the Gospel: she is eighty-three years old. At ten I left for Lyons: at half-past eleven I was in France: and the next morning, at seven o'clock, reached Lyons, the city in which St. Irenæus exercised his ministry. The weather was magnificent, neither too hot nor too cold: the heavens propitious, neither too bright nor yet too much overcast: the road exceedingly pleasant, without dust and without mud: everything seemed to contribute to the comfort of the travellers. During the day, the eye was feasted in turn on the rich golden harvests of the plain, the fair verdure of the hay-fields and meadows, the fine

valleys and black forests of the Jura, the lakes, the rivulets, the waterfalls, the mountains, more or less lofty, covered with boulders, gaping with fissures, barren, or richly carpeted with a green turf and an abundant vegetation; then on the Ecluse fort, remarkable for its situation and for the works in progress there ever since 1815; then on the junction of the Rhone and the Arve, rolling majestically along their common bed. During the night the open eye was still refreshed by the survey of a serene and starry firmament, and the closed eye by light and peaceful slumbers. But, my dear Emile, this fair scene spread open before my eyes by day and by night did not so absorb me as to lead to forgetfulness of God, of my own heart, of my book, of my friends, those I was leaving and those I was hastening to meet. No, I thought of all these; for the spirit, as you know, and especially the spirit of a Frenchman, can in the twinkling of an eye travel from pole to pole, from earth to heaven.

"*Wednesday*, 10.—At eleven o'clock I left Lyons by the 'Eagle' steam-boat *en route* for Valence. On the way our 'Eagle' came into collision with the 'Dove,' which was going up the Rhone. The 'Dove' was just leaving a landing-place where she had put down passengers, when the 'Eagle,' wishing to touch at the same place, borne along by the current of the river and the force of steam struck the 'Dove' near the wheel and damaged her. Happily the breach was in a

part above the level of the water, otherwise the vessel must have sunk and more than one passenger perished. The steamers alone suffered. The 'Eagle' broke its long beak in pecking at the 'Dove.' So much the worse for these two birds, so much the better for the saved passengers, and thanks be to God through all.

"There is another scene to be described, involving an encounter, not between an Eagle and a Dove, but between a Roman-Catholic Curé and a Wesleyan Minister. Shortly after the above occurrence, there came on board a lean curé, who made me think of Father Clement, emaciated by fasting and abstinence. This curé's leanness was not however due to total abstinence. Our ecclesiastic, robed in his cassock, kept clapping his hands, striking his chest and thighs, and stamping on the floor, like Bacchus on his wine-cask, and crying out at the top of his voice, 'Drink! drink! drink!' I went up to this priest of the Pope and of Bacchus, and spoke to him, reminding him of his functions and lecturing him at some length. All the people flocked together and crowded round to hear the lesson read by the coat to the cassock, and listened to me as if I were an oracle. Could I be silent, my dear Emile? Ask your papa: could I, ought I to have been silent on account of my throat? No, it was impossible. Despite all bad throats, the salvation of sinners [must be secured]. When I had finished my sermon, I heard my audince saying among them-

selves, 'This man has spoken well: he must be a Protestant minister.' At six o'clock I landed at Valence, and saw the man with the three-cornered hat no more.

"*Thursday*, 11.—Leaving Grenoble at one o'clock, I arrived at Gap the next morning at seven. We passed on the road the ancient abode of my celebrated fellow-countryman, William Farel the Reformer, the very house which he left when he went to evangelize Switzerland, then wholly Popish, and, in the humble guise of a schoolmaster, to instruct the youth of Aigle, and proclaim both to small and great the good news of salvation. O that I may have the love, the zeal, the life, the devotion, and the success of that man of God!

"On Friday I reached Guillestre, and on Saturday Vars, where my journey is at an end."

We find among his papers of this period a letter designed as a reply to a plan of pacification for the various religious parties with which he had had to contend in Switzerland. Whatever temptations such a plan might present to a large and benevolent heart, Rostan perceived immediately its weak points and impracticable character. His reply was, therefore, as follows:—

". . . . I will tell you, to begin with, that I am ready to lend my aid to all that may effectually promote the union of the body of Christ, to all

that may tend to the glory of God. My body, my time, my purse and my life ought all to be devoted to this object. You will not have forgotten that this project of union was seriously considered by the Wesleyans, and that we were long occupied with the subject, but without success. Our dear sister's motive is praiseworthy and Christian, her end is truly evangelical; but her scheme is a poor Mephibosheth, lame on both feet, and unable to reach the proposed goal. Suppose we for a moment that this plan be put in execution. What will happen? First, this will happen for certain, that the national section, the Plymouth section, the Methodist section and the section of dissentients and separatists will not meet in their full strength. In this case the end proposed will not be attained: Mephibosheth lame on his right foot. Secondly, it will very probably happen that there will not be a majority but only a minority of each section that will meet. In this case, also, the proposed end will not be attained: Mephibosheth lame on his left foot. Thirdly, it will happen most certainly, that there will be great divisions: each party will be divided, and so you will not only have the union still to seek, but in place of three divisions or five, you will have six or ten, *i. e.*, double the number that already exist. And so we shall be all Darbyists, in the sense that each one will follow his own Holy Ghost. (God forbid that I should speak it blasphemously!) In this third case, we have Mephibosheth lame on

both feet, so that he cannot walk at all. And when these several parties are thus subdivided, will the church be better edified? Will the world have presented to it a better testimony, a more powerful magnet to draw it to Christ? Will God be glorified, and His kingdom strengthened and advanced? I think not.

"But this is not all: there is another consideration which I would have you weigh well. Will you be able with your eclectic principles, your scruples and your tenderness of conscience respecting the persons with whom you may take the Lord's Supper, (all which I do not blame by any means,)—will you be able, with your principles, your early convictions and your present ones too, to take the Lord's Supper to your profit in the presence of a conglomerate and confused mass of people known and unknown, of intimate friends and indifferent persons, of those that are converted and those whose conversion is doubtful? I doubt it, and am convinced to the contrary. I who have studied Plymouthism as much as possible during the three years I have spent in Switzerland,—studied its principles, its doctrines, its tendencies, its effects and its discipline,—I declare for my part that I had rather communicate with the great multitude than with the little multitude.

"But why do not Darby and Cook themselves appear to desire such a union? It is because they see farther than you, farther than I, farther than

a good many others. They see that this union, in the present state of things, is impossible. They see that it would only occasion greater evil. They see that it could make no more progress than the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, which were part of clay and part of iron, mixed but not united, as iron cannot be united to clay. They see that, and they act accordingly. You speak of leaving the result to God; but is it not more prudent to leave to God the present state of things, to leave it to Him to direct and not take the initiative ourselves? Union in the Holy Ghost is quite another thing: let us desire it, let us expect it; but let us not be impatient, let us not run before our Lord, as if we cared more for the world's salvation than He does Himself."

It appears that an application to some of the other leaders whom they sought to unite fared still worse than the one we have here referred to; and the authors of the plan, perceiving that it was a little premature, themselves subsequently characterized it, in a letter addressed to Rostan, as "a beautiful dream."

Toward the end of August, Rostan bade adieu to his dear mountains and returned to the good friends at Aigle. He had not been ensconced three days in his little nest, when he received a letter from M. Cook, announcing that the Conference which had just closed its sittings had appointed him to Paris. This news fell on him

like a thunderbolt, and he immediately wrote M. Cook the following letter:—

"*To* M. Cook, *Pastor, Lausanne.*

"*Aigle, August* 27, 1844.

"My dear Brother,—A blow in the face would not have surprised nor affected me more than the news of my appointment to Paris. Not only had I no hope of going there, but, as you know, I had no desire, no thought of being stationed there. If I were a Plymouth brother, I would say without any hesitation, 'The Holy Ghost does not call me to Paris.' But happily, and by the grace of God, I am a Wesleyan; and as such I constrain myself to believe, I wish to believe,—nay, I do believe, though with some difficulty,—that it is the Lord who calls me, perhaps by way of trial and chastisement, but still in mercy. I submit then. I would not murmur, though this post will be, in my opinion, more trying and discouraging than that of Switzerland itself. O! if the work of God may but prosper! If only I may see seals set to my ministry and to that of my dear colleagues! Everything else is worth but little: everything else is as nothing.

". . . . I feel so deeply on account of your burden, your labours, your present position in Switzerland, that I can only groan and afflict my soul in secret before God. I mourn to leave you in Switzerland with I know not whom. I am too

undemonstrative, especially with you, dear brother: I am sorry for it, because more openness on my part would, in more than one instance, have comforted and encouraged you. But it is a great fault with me, occasioned, I believe, by the sincere idea of my inferiority in all respects, an idea that has often sealed my lips and repressed the manifestation of my feelings."

Six days after writing this letter, Rostan was on his way to Paris.

CHAPTER X.

PARIS.

1844—1849.

THE suddenness with which Rostan had to prepare for his departure left him little time for reflection. He arrived at the capital before he could persuade himself that he, Jean-Louis Rostan of the Alps, was called to exercise the pastorate in Paris, and that it was not all a dream. The matter appeared, however, only too certain, when he found himself installed in his humble lodging in the Rue Ménilmontant, employed in narrating to his friends at Aigle incidents of travel and first impressions :—

"*To* MADEMOISELLE GLAPPEY, *Aigle.*

"*Paris, September* 11, 1844.

"ON Monday, the 2nd of September, the day of my departure from Aigle, I attended a love-feast at Lausanne. There were present some forty of our friends. Many of my children in Christ bore testimony to the grace of God, relating how God had awakened them, drawn them to Himself,

pardoned them, preserved them in His grace and in His love, and blessed them abundantly in Christ Jesus. These proofs of His faithfulness, these seals given to my feeble ministry, renewed and increased my strength. I saw more clearly than ever that since my arrival in Switzerland my ministry had not been without fruit, notwithstanding my feebleness, my incapacity, and the vigorous and constant efforts of the adversaries of the work. To God alone be all the glory; to my beloved friends the profit, the edification; and mine be the encouragement, the gratitude, the humility, the thanksgivings.

"On Tuesday I spent my time in visits: I was running hither and thither, talking and praying from morning to night. In the evening the classes met to offer prayer and to bid me farewell. We were of one heart and one soul. God was there.

"At midnight I took my place in the diligence: a minute after, I was on my way to Paris, excessively fatigued, and with my head full of thoughts of various kinds: soon after, I slept, but toward four o'clock awoke, with the consciousness that my throat was attacked. I experienced a grief impossible to describe, at the thought of going to Paris in a more pitiable state than ever. My heart seemed for a moment ready to burst. I saw myself useless, capable of nothing, a burden and an expense to the Society. Willingly I would have exclaimed with Elijah, 'It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life.' In fact, I did

turn to the Lord with a heart full of bitterness, but still without a murmur. I begged Him to grant me a heart submissive to His will, and He was not long in answering my prayer. Soon I felt tranquil, resigned, entirely submissive, though still sad. The day broke, and I was able to admire at my leisure the grand forests and mountains which surrounded the valley: I believed for a moment that I was in my native country, but no! it was still Switzerland, and I was alone in my compartment. At seven o'clock we were on the frontier, at Jougne. I feared the custom-house, on account of the books I had with me, and was afraid they would ransack my effects. But M. Cook had prayed on this subject, and his prayer was answered. As soon as they saw on my addresses the title of 'pastor,' the chief officer said to his men: 'That will do, leave those: he is a pastor,' and on this they retired without touching anything. I had only to open and close my trunks. I was very well satisfied, I assure you, and thankful to God, who 'when a man's ways please' Him can make 'even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

"On Wednesday evening I reached Besançon: my head was very bad. On leaving this town, the diligence filled up: there were eight and even nine persons in the compartment, pressed together like anchovies: so we suffered much from heat and discomfort till we got to Paris. Judge if this was not enough to open the pores of the skin. I

begin to believe that my throat, which was nearly well when we arrived at Paris, was cured by means of the excessive perspiration.

"On Friday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I reached this immense village which we call Paris. I took a cab and drove to M. Hocart's. It is with him that I am lodging for the present. I have in my chamber a library, a writing-desk, a table, a chair, an easy chair, and my bed. My room has two doors and a window which looks out on a court: through it I see a small patch of sky about the size of a table-cloth of moderate dimensions. In the evening, I see the polar star and part of the Great Bear, which will show you that the aspect is due north. My room is four paces long by three wide."

The station which Rostan was now called to occupy was one whose importance was only equalled by its difficulty. Not that the Methodist work had at this time attained any large numerical development or wielded any very extensive influence: on the contrary, it will be seen that it was as yet in its infancy, and that the work our ardent evangelist was called to perform in Paris was emphatically missionary work. Paris is the very heart of France, and every enterprise which would obtain a hold on French soil, must take root in the capital itself. The Society had need of an agent uniting intrepidity with perseverance, one who had great zeal, but who would not be easily discouraged by

seeing that zeal remain too often unfruitful. What was wanted was, not so much an orator practised in the arts of eloquence and capable of contesting the palm of popularity with the preachers of his day, as a missionary imbued with a truly apostolic spirit, who would not shrink from seeking out souls one by one, among the attics of the poor no less than the saloons of the rich, whose word was sufficiently pungent and powerful to arouse the fastidious curiosity of some and the sceptical indifference of others. The Society cast its eyes upon Rostan, and believed that at this critical period, when the air was already rife with the omens of revolution, his popular and incisive word might be of some use in Paris.

Rostan was under no illusion as to the character of the work committed to him. He had passed the period of which optimism is the distinguishing quality: the real presented itself to his consideration, and that under a somewhat severe aspect. We find in one or two of his letters of this date traces of his sense of solitude and of a momentary discouragement. But, with his accustomed energy of character, he did not long abandon himself to regretful thoughts: when the memory of his dear friends at Aigle contrasted painfully with his present isolation, when he felt creeping over him that homesick feeling which he had never before experienced to such a degree, he had at his command an infallible remedy which he always employed with success, viz., *work*. The

following extracts will reveal something both of the malady and the cure.

". . . . Brother Hocart has left Paris for Rouen. His departure has been no little trial to me. His two dear children were a great source of diversion. I was at home. I was happy. Now I am quite alone, like a pruned shrub on the top of a mountain. The nearest Christian family that I know lives a quarter of an hour's walk from my lodgings. It is very rarely that I can see any friends. I often think of my friends at Aigle and pray for them. My heart is always there, and will be for a long time. It is impossible to describe my feelings on unpacking my books last week: I experienced real sadness of heart. How often they reminded me of Aigle! I was obliged to weep, I could not help it. But I touch a chord which vibrates through the depths of my soul and fills my eyes with tears.

". . . . My ordinary weekly labours are as follows. Sunday morning at eleven, preaching at the Rue Charlot; at half-past two o'clock at the Rue St. Honoré, at seven at the Rue Royale. These chapels are an hour's walk from each other. I meet a class between the morning and afternoon services, and give the Lord's Supper twice a month in either chapel alternately. On Monday I rest, but I mean to establish a sewing-meeting. On Tuesday I preach at two o'clock, near the Barrière de l'Etoile, an hour's walk from here.

In the evening I preach at the Rue Ponthieu, returning home about ten o'clock. On Wednesday I preach at Vincennes, after a walk of an hour-and-a-half. On Thursday at the Rue Charlot, and Friday at the Rue Royale. On Saturday I rest. Besides this, I have the care of two week-day schools, one for boys and the other for girls, all of whom are Roman Catholics."

Add to this ordinary routine of labour his domiciliary visits and his studies, and it will be seen that Rostan put himself through a somewhat violent course of spiritual hygiene, which must have accustomed him to make less frequent flights, even in imagination, from Paris to Aigle, for sheer want of time.

The epistolary correspondence, however, between Paris and Switzerland was not allowed to flag. "I have just received," he says in one place, "thirty letters from my dear spiritual children in Switzerland. O that I could show them to you all! How your heart would leap with joy at the perusal of them. What life! what affection! what attachment! what gratitude! what holy joy! what happiness! what encouragement in these letters! And for me, what recompense for all the trials I have had in Switzerland!" Rostan also, on his part, continued by the same means to carry on the ministry he had pursued with so much zeal during the past three years. We must limit ourselves, however, to a few short extracts:—

"*To* THE FRIENDS AT AIGLE.

"*Paris, September* 27, 1844.

"To my brethren and sisters in the faith, and especially my dear children in Christ Jesus, whom I love tenderly in our Lord and Saviour!

"BELOVED OF GOD, DEAR LITTLE FLOCK,— It is but a few days, not yet four Sundays, since you heard the voice of your dear pastor, as most of you loved to call me, since I heard your prayers, saw your faces, and rejoiced in the midst of you. To-day the scene is changed. Immense plains, lofty mountains, and a long distance separate us. My voice is not strong enough to traverse the space that lies between Paris and Aigle, and my eye-sight, naturally good, cannot penetrate the veil spread between you and me, and see you on the other side of the lake of Leman. This should recall the Bible truth, so little felt because so lightly and carelessly repeated, that we are literally, as Christians, 'strangers and pilgrims on the earth,' that we have here 'no continuing city.' No, all is subject to change. So much the more diligently should we seek the celestial city, where all will be permanent and eternal. There will be no more parting but an everlasting union in glory, with our parents and friends. What a meeting, beloved, what a meeting! The sons of Abraham shall be as the stars of heaven, and the daughters of Sarah as the sands of the sea innumerable. There the son will

rejoin his father, the daughter her mother, the husband his wife. There the pastor will rejoin his flock, and the flock their pastor. There you will see me and I shall see you, for ever. There, above all, we shall see our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we shall be like Him, because 'we shall see Him as He is,' without a shadow or a cloud, to all eternity. In prospect of this, let us be diligent, beloved of God, that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

". . . . Do not speak evil of Christians who think differently from you; who, not understanding you, complain of you, blame you, accuse and condemn you even, casting out your name as evil, and your doctrines as dangerous. Do not speak evil of them, but pray for them. And if God grants them success in the conversion of sinners, rejoice with them therein and give thanks to God. This I have never ceased to urge upon you.

" Never suffer yourselves to be discouraged on account of the smallness of your number: one single sun in the heavens gives more light than ten thousand stars: one solitary lamp well supplied and well trimmed will light a room better than ten with long wicks and without oil. You are light in the Lord: shine, then: God, angels, and men expect it of you: do not deceive them.

"Encourage my dear successor by your presence and attention at the means of grace. Strengthen his hands by your prayers: gladden him by an exemplary and blameless life."

"*To* MADEMOISELLE X.

"*Paris*, ... 1844.

"MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS,— . . . I beseech you in the name of our adorable Saviour, in the name of God, in the name of the dearest and most sacred interests of your soul that, as you have received the Lord Jesus, so you will walk in Him. How did you receive Him? You received Him with a contrite, humble, and penitent heart, forsaking the world that you might be wholly His. You received Him with entire confidence, committing yourself implicitly to His promises, as your Advocate, your Surety, your Substitute: you received Him as your bosom Friend, your celestial Bridegroom, your all. You believed that he had power, Himself alone to satisfy all your wants, whatever they might be, temporal, spiritual, and eternal.

"If the world, your parents, your friends, had proposed that you should do what was contrary to the revealed will of our Saviour, would you have listened to them? Would you have hesitated between the known will of Christ and the contrary will of any other person? If Satan had shown you all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, by means of any of his agents, and said to you, 'Only do this or that, and I will give thee all these, all thou canst desire in the world,' how would you have treated him? In what light would you have regarded these advantageous offers, this seemingly grand liberality? What you would

have done then, is what I ask you to do every day of your life.

"Now that I am absent, and no longer obliged to maintain the reserve necessitated by my position among you, permit me to speak openly and without disguise. I am not unaware that young persons of your age have many temptations from the world and the devil, as well as from their own hearts, on the subject of marriage. This is a matter of universal experience, and ought not to surprise or discourage you, but should lead you to prayer, to watchfulness, to self-renunciation. The Holy Spirit may well cry, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers!' O! may God preserve you from this snare, this attractive magnet, which has made thousands miserable, by causing them to forsake their first confidence, their most sincere and sacred vows, and to break their promises of fidelity to the Lord Jesus. Remember Lot who, unfortunately for himself and for his family, coveted the plain. He thought he should enjoy great happiness there, but what did he find among the unbelievers? First, he shared their chastisement. Then, what was his spiritual experience in the fertile plain he had chosen for the sake of earthly happiness? Alas! he 'vexed his righteous soul from day to day.' Then, what happened at last? He had to flee in haste, and to leave all he had behind him in order to save his life. He was unhappy in himself, and his sojourn among the ungodly contributed to the sudden destruction of

his wife and the corruption of his daughters. Who can estimate how much he suffered in his soul in consequence of his worldly walk and conversation? It is God who gives riches, who gives happiness; and none but He. Worldly good is only for us what God makes it; a curse, if we disobey Him; a blessing, if we are faithful. O! remember Lot and Lot's wife. And what I say to you, I say not to yourself alone, but to all the members of your class. Rather die, rather suffer martyrdom, than disobey.

"*Paris, March* 10, 1845.

". . . . I have no news to communicate except that M. Cook writes me to the following effect:—'The Jesuit journal at Valais has announced in a letter from Aigle that the revolutionaries had resolved to exterminate all Wesleyans, Malanists, Roustanists, Bertholonists, &c.' But, notwithstanding these threats and the really alarming condition of our poor Switzerland, I persist in believing that there will be nothing more than a transient and local disturbance. It is seriously contemplated to set apart one of the three temples at Lausanne for the use of those churches that are not endowed by the State, and to close all the chapels and private assemblies. If this scheme be carried out, and the various dissenting denominations consent to it, the desired *union* will be attained by a method that the most ardent *unionists* never dreamed of.

"But, whatever may be the immediate or ulti-

mate issue of the present troubles of Switzerland, I do not for a moment believe that this is the last struggle, the sounding of the seventh and last trumpet. I do not mean by this to say, 'Sleep on and take your rest; eat, drink, and make merry, for the Master delayeth His coming.' No, we know that we must be always ready: we must never forget that the true Christian neither lives nor dies to himself, and that whether he lives or dies he is the Lord's. What I mean is, that there is nothing in the present condition of the church and the world at large to intimate that the great events of prophecy are approaching. The Lord is at hand no doubt, but all is not ready for His coming."

In the course of the month of May, 1845, Rostan received sad tidings from his two brothers at Vars. A terrible conflagration had consumed a large part of the village, and plunged many families into great distress. He immediately set himself to seek assistance for his unfortunate fellow-countrymen. He even took steps to acquaint the Duchess of Orleans and the King himself with the circumstances of this calamity, and to solicit their patronage and support. He wrote to his brothers, and, notwithstanding that he had already given up his share in their little patrimony, remitted to them his scanty savings. He adds, "I have always told you that I would be a good brother to you, and that if ever I had three sous

and you had none, there would be one apiece for us. I hope God will give me grace to live and die in this spirit. All I have is yours." He applied also to the English ladies who had done so much for the schools in the High Alps, who promised that they would set to work and collect funds. He thus replies to their communication.

"*Paris, June* 6, 1845.

" How shall I testify my deep gratitude for all the interest that you have manifested? It is impossible: God alone can do it. Your letter of the 3rd, and one from my brothers have reached me this morning. The one from Vars contains fresh details of the calamity which has befallen a portion of the inhabitants. It appears that the temple, which the Protestants had reared at their own expense and by their own labour, is half destroyed and altogether unfit for occupation. The house in which Neff lodged, and where he preached when he was at Vars, is reduced to ashes. About two hundred people are without bread, without clothes, without linen of any kind, without provisions, and without money to purchase them withal. Meanwhile, the Government has just sent them two thousand francs to meet their immediate necessities. The total loss amounts to ninety thousand francs. It is an immense loss to these poor people. And in about four months the country will be wrapt in snow, and the rigours of winter will have set in.

The following letters describe the results of this labour of love.

"41, *Rue Beauregard, Paris.*

". . . . I have recently received from London a bill for £91. 15s., or 2,293 francs 75 cents. This is admirable! It is a large fortune. The disaster in the Alps will give our poor people to see the Christian benevolence of the English, their friends and benefactors. They are by degrees rebuilding their cottages. It is hoped that, before the end of November, all will have so far finished as to have some kind of shelter from the cold and the snow, with which they are already threatened."

". . . . I have received from London another gift of £10. 10s. The pecuniary assistance sent to the Alps from all quarters amounts to eight or nine thousand francs. The distribution has been, and will continue to be, without regard to diversities of creed."

Rostan's friends had often urged him to choose a companion, rightly judging that it was highly necessary for him to relinquish the solitary mode of life he had hitherto led, as likely to prove inimical to his health and injuriously to cramp his open and amiable nature. He was now in his thirty-ninth year, and felt that he must either definitely commit himself to celibacy or think seriously of marriage. His choice fixed on Mademoiselle Marie Briscoe, of London, a person of rare worth, uniting the choicest intellectual

gifts with the most amiable of dispositions. The nuptial ceremony took place on Tuesday, the 2nd of December, 1845, at the chapel in the Rue Royale. From that day our missionary dated a new era of existence. It was for him a kind of rejuvenescence, opening to him a prospect of happiness such as he had never contemplated.

In the month of April, 1846, M. Rostan and his bride spent a fortnight in Guernsey, in attending the missionary meetings. This was a period of great labour and much enjoyment. Soon after his return, he received an invitation to take part in the great meetings in London, which laid the foundation of the Evangelical Alliance. He thus records his impressions of these conferences.

". . . . The three large public meetings have already taken place. I never saw such religious assemblies as these. Exeter Hall was full: there were present at least four thousand five hundred people, all hanging on the lips of the speakers, whose addresses were full of power, sweetness, and unction. I saw tears of joy bedewing many cheeks. This Alliance will form an epoch in the history of the Church: the world has never seen the like. And what will it not see before the end comes! To-morrow, a public meeting will be held in which the speaking will be in French. I, who have had for the last fortnight to live the life of a mute, shall at last open my mouth in praise to God for what I have seen, not to say what

I have heard. When we have ears that hear not, it is a good thing to have eyes that see."

It was necessary, however, to descend from this Tabor, and to resume the labours of every-day life. Rostan returned to Paris, and devoted himself to his work with renewed ardour. He continued to be deeply interested in his former flock in Switzerland, and watched with emotion the political and religious crisis through which that country was passing. His successor, M. Ogier, was exposed to the ill-will of the authorities and the passions of the mob. In the month of September, without even the pretence of a trial, he was ordered to quit the country without delay. Such were the disorder and anarchy of the country that this mandate admitted of no appeal, and the only alternative was to submit. This M. Ogier had accordingly done, and the little flock at Aigle were for the time left without a pastor. Rostan thus expressed to his friends his sentiments of sympathy on their behalf.

"*Paris, September* 29, 1846.

"GOD'S ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. These are the words that I was reminded of on learning your present situation. It is painful, alarming, terrible from an earthly point of view. Nevertheless, 'The Lord reigneth.' He doeth whatsoever He pleaseth on earth and in heaven. That is true in our day, as true as when Jacob went down into

Egypt, as when Israel was carried captive to Babylon; as true as when Jesus was betrayed, scourged, and crucified; as when Stephen was stoned, Peter imprisoned, the faithful scattered, the newborn Church in many of its members martyred, and as when the Pagans, seemingly victorious, exclaimed in triumph, 'There are no more Christians!' Then as now, Christianity triumphed in its defeat. The Lord reigned, the Lord preserved His own, the Lord glorified His name, the Lord multiplied the witnesses of His grace. The people of Israel were beaten twice before the Philistines: the ark of God was taken: Eli, the judge of Israel, fell and gave up the ghost at the tidings: Israel was humbled: all seemed lost. But no! 'the Lord reigneth.' Dagon, the god of the Philistines, falls and is shattered to pieces before the ark of God, the symbol of the presence of the God of Israel. The victorious Philistines are vanquished: disease consumes their bodies, the mice consume their lands: Dagon lies broken on the floor, the ark remains erect: Dagon is defeated in the hour of victory, in his own land, in his own temple. The seeming triumph is a real defeat. 'So let Thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.' Amen."

The year 1847 commenced with sufficiently encouraging prospects. The letters of this period are in a cheerful strain.

"*Paris, April*, 1847.

"Go hence, little missive, to that 'angle of land' beyond the Channel, and there find thy way to a beloved family known by the name of C——; and, when thou hast found them, say several things on my behalf. Say among others that the Lord has entrusted to M. Rostan a charming little daughter. Say that we have given her the names of the amiable Duchess of Orleans and of her own mother, so that she is called Heléne-Marie Rostan.

"If thou shouldst discover that these dear friends desire to know something of the work of God in Paris, tell them, the meetings at the Rue Royale are well attended, the number of hearers increased, their attention sustained, the Word of God relished, and the work of edification makes some little way. At the new church, formerly that of St. Vincent de Paul, the meetings are composed in great part of Roman Catholics, their attention is remarkable, many have already tasted that the Lord is gracious, the presence of the Lord is felt in our assemblies: we have much reason to thank God, take courage, and go forward.

"Tell them also, in such a way that they will fully understand, that the school is in prosperity, both as to the number of children and as to their progress.

"If thou seest that they look as if they would wish some tidings of fair but unfortunate Switzer-

land, tell them that M. Cook has left in consequence of an edict of the Council of State, that M. Gallienne is going to replace him, and it is hoped he will be permitted to remain. The work of the Lord is prospering at Aigle. My dear Aiglettes are distinguished by a piety hearty and active, candid and decisive in its protest against all sin: the number of praying and working souls is on the increase. In fact, there is not a more pious society than this model society at Aigle. What joy to learn that my children continue in the good way!

". . . . The great religious meetings have been held at Paris this last week. The fruits of the Spirit have abounded this year, notwithstanding the works of the flesh. There has been revival and progress: these are evident grounds for rejoicing and encouragement respecting our poor dear France. What has gloriously crowned the whole is the first meeting for the formation of the French branch of the Evangelical Alliance. This meeting took place on Saturday last in our church in the Rue Montholon. The addresses of the speakers were full of unction, power, warmth, and affection. This large gathering represented many different shades of opinion: the people were attentive, affected by deep emotion, roused even to enthusiasm. Everybody was delighted. Nothing is talked of but this meeting even now. It is a step in advance. Glory be to God!"

"*To* MADEMOISELLE GLAPPEY, *Aigle.*

"*Paris, October* 4, 1847.

"THE work of the Lord does not advance here with the rapidity of steam. In general the kingdom of God cometh not with observation: it is a heavenly leaven in the earthly loaf of the human heart. Notwithstanding, God does not leave us without testimonies of His favour: on the contrary, He feeds and fortifies our faith, our courage, and our hope. For instance, a young man of eighteen or twenty, having been converted under my ministry, and after due instruction admitted to the Lord's Supper, has just left Paris as a colporteur; and the Lord is with him. Another case is as follows. A man of fifty-five years of age, whose father was a Jew and his mother a Papist, and who had received both circumcision and baptism, was brought in the good providence of God to the church where I regularly preach, and was converted to the faith of the Lord Jesus. He also, filled with joy, has just devoted himself to the same work as the young man of whom I have spoken: both are under the direction of the Bible Society. The following is a copy of the letter he wrote me the day after his conversion.

"'*Paris, August* 23, 1847.

"'SIR,—The ways of Providence are incomprehensible to man, until they have had their full effect. For nearly fifty years I have been seeking the true Light which enlighteneth the world,

without finding it. To you I owe it that the true Light has pierced the darkness which for so many years enwrapped my soul. Yesterday I heard you, and it seemed as if God was addressing me in the words He spoke to St. Paul, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?* And I almost believe that the miracle wrought in Paul is wrought in me. (I was preaching from Acts xxvi. 18—23.) The Catholics could not persuade me. I have seen French Catholics, Calvinists, Lutherans, Jews. No one could convince me. There always remained a void within me which no one was able to fill. I heard you, and I was changed.

"'The Lord permitted me to experience great misery in order to bring about my conversion. Being without a situation, I was canvassing Paris in search of one. On Saturday evening, Providence directed my steps to the Rue Montholon: the inscription on your church arrested my attention: I asked your sacristan if I might go in: I did so, and he gave me a card. The next evening, after hearing you, I felt my heart drawn toward the Gospel. At night, I prayed to God in the language of the psalm commencing, *Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!* I passed a good night. I have many things to ask you. If you will have the goodness to fix a day and hour that will suit you, I will call at your house in order to converse with you. Receive, Sir, &c. L. Rousseau.'

"He accordingly came and brought me his images, his books, his scapularies, his medals, his chaplets, his little saints in bone and ivory, &c., that I might make an *auto-da-fé*. Some articles I have, in fact, committed to the flames, others I have kept as souvenirs."

The year 1848 was now approaching, when our Missionary was to be arrested in the midst of his peaceful pursuits by one of the most sudden and astonishing revolutions that Paris or France had ever seen. For a long time keen observers had seen the portents of the coming storm gathering in the political heavens, but very few men expected a revolution so sudden and extensive as that of February, 1848. The clouds were charged with electricity, but the explosion resulting from the shock surpassed the imaginations of the most far-sighted men, since it not only overthrew a popular throne in France, but shook to their foundations many governments that believed themselves to be immovable.

Though wisely holding himself aloof from the agitations that were working in the depths of Parisian society, Rostan could not remain absolutely ignorant of the state of the public mind. His evangelistic toil brought him into contact with those classes of society among which are often engendered the greatest revolutions. He was not slow to perceive that the popular passions were soon to be violently unloosed.

"The world is big with events," he writes on the 24th of January, just a month before the crisis. "Already cries of pain are heard here and there, and in many parts of the world at the same time. What will they bring forth? Revolutions, the emancipation of the nations, a new order of things in the church and in the world? Will these birth-pangs last yet many days or many years? God knoweth. Meanwhile, awaiting the issue, let us watch and pray."

The letters that convey Rostan's impressions at this period will not be useless reading, since the days of February exercised a vast influence on the progress of every Christian work. We must not expect, however, a complete picture from the soldier who describes the battle in which he has taken part, nor must we be surprised if the narrator is sometimes deceived in the tendencies of the current of events: that is an optical illusion of the commonest kind.

"*Paris, March*, 1848.

"DEAR SISTER,—I hasten to reply to your letter of the 27th of February. Thank God, we are all still alive, and not greatly alarmed by the present state of things. So far as I am concerned, nothing is changed. I preach, I go out and come in, I work and sleep. For three days all Paris was astir and under arms. It was a troubled

sea, raging and terrible. It was enough to frighten one to death or to turn one's blood. Order was restored on the afternoon of the third day. Paris wore the appearance of a fête, and to-day, the eighth of the French Republic, in every part of this great city all is as calm, tranquil, and serene as if nothing had happened. The innumerable barricades erected on the night of the 22nd of February have disappeared: the streets are repaved: the shops and warehouses are re-opened: communication is everywhere unimpeded: work is resumed, and confidence and security are being restored. One can scarcely believe one's eyes and ears, so great and so sudden is the change. It is a storm which has overturned and annihilated the throne of Louis Philippe in less than two hours. The monarchy has passed away; the Republic is proclaimed; a provisional government is established; and liberty to write, to speak, to meet, and to preach is attained through the shedding of human blood. I will restrict myself to a few instances in which the hand of Providence has been remarkably displayed.

"On Tuesday, the 23rd of February, the people only asked for electoral reform and liberty to hold public meetings: these were refused. On Wednesday they demanded in addition a change of ministry: they cried, 'Down with Guizot.' In the afternoon all this was conceded: in the evening, the city was illuminated. It seemed to be all over. Toward ten o'clock in the evening

there was an inoffensive gathering on the boulevard in front of the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. This hotel was always guarded by royal troops. At that juncture a soldier's musket accidentally went off: the regiment believed the musket had been fired against them by the people, and fired back. Sixty persons fell, wounded or dead. Forty corpses were taken up, laid in a cart and paraded through the city amid the blaze of funeral torches and cries of 'To arms! we are betrayed!' Paris rose as one man. The indignation of the people knew no bounds: the night was spent in barricading all the streets and boulevards. Here and there engagements took place. At daybreak there was a discharge of fire-arms under my window: a ball struck the casement. Terror reigned everywhere: the populace broke into the houses in search of arms: pillage, burning, death itself was expected. A hundred thousand soldiers armed to the teeth occupied Paris. Two hundred thousand people armed with muskets, sabres, lances, pistols, crowbars, staves, bludgeons, paving-stones, were fighting in all quarters of the city. Toward noon the great bulk of the people moved as if by enchantment in the direction of the king's palace. The cry, 'Down with Louis Philippe,' began to be heard: it had not been heard till that moment. Nobody dreamed before that day of dethroning the king. The Palais Royal was surrounded, a murderous engagement took place; and the palace was carried by assault.

The report was brought to the king at the Tuileries: at this news he abdicated in favour of his son. The abdication was announced to the Chamber of Deputies, and to the crowd surrounding the Tuileries at one and the same time. But in the chamber a voice cried, 'It is too late!' and in the vicinity of the Tuileries, while the proclamation was being read, the municipal guard fired on the people. The people, exasperated, demanded the overthrow of the existing dynasty, and the establishment of the Republic. The Tuileries were surrounded on all sides. The king, warned of his danger, had but just time to escape. Five minutes after, the Tuileries were invaded by an excited multitude, who still knew how to restrain their passions: the king was allowed to pass without molestation. His throne was taken and borne along the streets of Paris amid the acclamations of the people: it was committed to the flames at the foot of the Column of July. Then Louis Philippe was really dethroned. From that moment Paris wore the appearance of a fête. All is over: a new order of things has commenced: we are already republicans. Never has the like been seen in Europe."

A little later he writes:—

"Events thicken: every breath of wind that blows brings new tidings, and what breath is it but that of Providence, of the Almighty God who has said, 'I will hasten it in its time!' John the Baptist

is at work: the mountains, the hills, the valleys, all are being levelled to prepare the way of the Lord, and the establishment of His kingdom of grace, righteousness, and peace, promised to the world and to the Church."

The issue cruelly belied these hopes of certain Christians, and reminded them that the moral regeneration of the race is to be expected from on high, and not from the revolutionary movements of the masses. Rostan soon foresaw in common with others that blood must yet flow.

"Our political condition," he writes on the 5th of June, "is not the most re-assuring. Revolutions are the order of the day: it is a kind of epidemic. Paris has reckoned one a month since that of February. We have had those of the 17th of March, of the 16th of April, of the 15th of May; and who knows whether we shall not have one in the month of June? In truth, our sky is overcast: our atmosphere is charged with electricity: the weather is oppressive: our heads are aching, and if a good breeze does not spring up soon and change this state of things, we shall soon have a storm, accompanied by showers of lead instead of hail, and torrents of blood."

The days of June came. "Thank God, we are still alive and well. We have escaped wonderfully. Paris has put down the insurrection, but is melancholy, affrighted, desolate, always in a state of siege. Saturday, Sunday, Monday,

it was dangerous to go out: now, however, communication is no longer interrupted: one may come and go without being questioned. It was impossible for us to meet on Sunday last. The scenes that have been enacted are indescribable: murder, incendiarism, plunder, outrage, mutilation; in a word, the most savage barbarities, have been practised both by the defenders of order and by the lawless mob. To-day, they are disarming, arresting, trying, and sentencing the ringleaders, and doing everything to calm the city. We are under military government. The reaction seems rapidly setting in."

The insurrection of June, which so shook the minds of men and robbed them of all confidence in the future, could not but be fatal to the progress of evangelization in Paris. The alarm which followed tended to diminish considerably the little flock that gathered round our brother. It was a work of great difficulty to collect the scattered remnants of the Society, and to draw their attention from present evils to eternal things. Rostan directed all his energies to this object, but without much success. He had the grief of seeing some of his spiritual children turned away from the simplicity of faith, and by their defection creating a void around him. The reflection that all the churches were at this time passing through similar trials could not console him. He sighed for a less ungrateful post than that of Paris: in 1847 and

1848 he requested a change of station; but his brethren insisted that he should remain till better days returned. He consented to stand in the gap while the season of trial lasted, but as soon as events resumed their ordinary course he again preferred his request, and in 1849 obtained an appointment to the south of France, the scene of his early labours and his early success.

CHAPTER XI.

CONGENIES.—LAST MISSION TO THE ALPS.

1849—1855.

It was nearly ten years since Rostan had left the south of France, and during that period many circumstances had tended to change the aspect of affairs. Ten years before, the work was in the bloom of its youth, and our members in the glow of their first love. In the interval there had been a time of sifting. The blast of revolution had, moreover, swept over France, and Congénies experienced its effects. All sorts of political and social questions, intermingling with religious affairs, chilled the ardour of professing Christians, diverted them from attendance on the means of grace, diminished their reverence for the things of God, and engendered a spirit of debate and insubordination. It was not surprising, therefore, that M. Rostan found La Vaunage changed, and that he was sorely troubled on this account. "We have taken a leap," he says, "from Paris to Congénies. I do not regret it for many reasons, but it must be said that the Congénies of 1849 is not that of 1839, 1840, and 1841. Then it was a

lovely garden: to-day it is a garden still, but what a difference! Then there were foliage and flowers and fruits: to-day we find thistles, briers, thorns, and nettles. May God help us, and revive His work! This Circuit has great need of a new baptism of the Holy Ghost. Pray for us. Notwithstanding our innumerable troubles, all is not lost, and God has not left Himself without witness among us."

Certain persons took exception to the organisation of the Methodist Society, and had succeeded in instilling into the minds of many a spirit of distrust. Rostan, although stoutly maintaining that all merely ecclesiastical questions were of secondary importance, accepted the contest with them on this ground. While strongly asserting the right of each church to arrange the details of its own internal economy according to the necessities of the times, he set himself to prove the scriptural character, in its chief features, of the Methodist church. He himself instituted a minute and thoughtful inquiry into the organisation of the Society, and his researches led him to believe that the source of the prejudices which so many indulged was to be found in their almost total ignorance of the subject. To shed light on this question appeared to him, therefore, to be a primary obligation. "The translation into French," writes he to M. Cook, "of our organic laws, or at least of those which treat of the rights and privileges of our members, and of the guarantees they

possess against the exercise of any arbitrary power, becomes more and more an indispensable necessity, if we would preserve a remnant of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in the south of France. So we may perhaps save the work of twenty-five or thirty years from utter ruin." The book which our Missionary demanded, in order to stop the mouth of prejudice and error, remained unwritten, and even at the present moment we are compelled to deplore the want of it.* Rostan determined, notwithstanding, to play the man; and, not being able to go over all the ground, devoted himself to the defence of one of the most hotly contested points, and, at the request of his colleagues, wrote his excellent "Essay on Class-Meetings; or Meetings for Religious Experience." Of this task he acquitted himself well: the pamphlet is one of his best productions, and is distinguished by remarkable clearness and vigour.

While speaking of his labours with the pen, we may observe that Rostan's sojourn at Congénies was marked by considerable literary activity. While at Paris, he had published two little works which deserve mention, one entitled, "The Un-

* The following quotation, however, from the Report of the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society for 1868 shows that this subject is receiving renewed attention, and in a different spirit from that described above. "Our friends generally in the south of France are becoming interested in ecclesiastical questions, and are reading with much interest the 'Life of Wesley,' recently published by our Book-Room. They now ask for a 'Digest of our Doctrine and Discipline.'" (P. 96.)

pardonable Sin," the other, "The Good Way Opened." At Congénies, in addition to the above-named essay, he wrote "The Baptism of Infants," a treatise which was well received by the religious press; a dissertation on Matthew xi. 11, entitled, "A Parallel Misunderstood," in which the author, from novel and interesting considerations, defends a new interpretation of this passage; and a paper on "The Law against Eating with the Blood," which deserves to be published.

Besides this literary work, to which he only gave such time as the pressure of his other duties would allow, Rostan was at the head of an extensive and important evangelizing agency. He laboured incessantly to bring about such a revival as, he felt, could alone heal the breaches in Zion. He strove to awaken holy aspirations, endeavoured to revive meetings for prayer, set apart days for fasting and humiliation, and applied himself to his pastoral work with the utmost assiduity. Nor was his labour altogether in vain: he saw some souls beginning to seek after the truth, and attending to their eternal interests: he saw the faith of the church beginning to strengthen and their troubles to decrease. These happy results he thus sums up in the following laconic entry appended to the quarterly returns for March, 1851. "Sensible improvement. A better understanding. Progress toward a condition which once was, which is no longer, which we are seeking, desiring, expecting in the exercise of faith."

It was in a somewhat unexpected manner that Rostan was called to leave Congénies, and to occupy the post of the High Alps. The wife of the minister at that time stationed there had suffered greatly from the severity of the climate, so much so that a change of air appeared absolutely necessary, if life was to be saved. The stations had just been fixed for the year: it was only, therefore, by private arrangement that any change could be effected. M. Cook wrote to his colleagues in the South, to ascertain if any one could and would occupy the Alps. The season was advanced: everybody had made arrangements for the winter, and no one was in a position to accept the proposed exchange. With his accustomed zeal, Rostan offered himself, "not wishing," says he, "to let either my brother or my sister die among these lofty mountains, (see 1 John iii. 16,) and willing to expose myself to the rigours of the winter rather than leave the Alps without a preacher." In a letter to his colleagues he describes the circumstances of his journey and his first impressions in the following terms.

"*Guillestre, December* 20, 1851.

"DEAR BRETHREN,—Here I am with my family in the High Alps, safe and sound, thank God. The journey was not so unpleasant as we feared, considering the season and the intense cold. A week later we should have encountered bands of demagogues, who have been plundering

waggons and carriages, trunks and boxes, everything in fact, all the way from Aix to Sisteron. God has preserved us, myself, my family, and my books, from this violence. But from Embrun to Guillestre our feet were half frozen. From the Plain de Fazy to Guillestre we had but a wretched conveyance, two miserable horses and frozen roads. First the men had to alight and help the horses by pushing behind. Then my wife and children had to dismount and foot it on the ice. In this manner, at eleven o'clock at night on the 27th of November, we made entrance on our mission at Guillestre. But O! misery! not a faggot to light a fire with, not a stove that would draw, not a chimney that did not smoke, and a great lantern (not magic) for a house. Cold, ice, solitude: such was what we found on our arrival.

"Since then I have housed my family as well as I could, and visited the following localities:—Guillestre, Vars, Pallons, Les Ribis, Les Violins, Les Mensals, Dormilhouse, Chalp d'Arvieux, Brunissard, Fontgillarde, Pierre-Grosse, and Saint-Véran. The roads are passable, the weather is fine, the people of Le Queyras are, as ever, open-hearted, frank, and full of affection; while those of Freyssinières are still full of jeremiads, except a few sincere and affectionate Christians."

A few months later, he writes, "From a political point of view, everything has been and still is perfectly quiet here: from a religious point of

view, the condition of the country is as follows. If we draw three circles, we shall have, in the innermost, lively, humble, simple-minded Christians, absolutely free from party-spirit: in the next, we shall have the entire Protestant population, who receive with joy and gratitude all preachers of the Gospel, without inquiring whether they belong to this or that particular church. The denomination, with them, is nothing: the preaching of the Gospel everything. Beyond this circle, we have a numerous and friendly Roman Catholic or semi-Protestant population. This friendliness is the result of a wide dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, and of daily intercourse with Protestants. These Catholics, scarcely to be called Romanists, read our books, and listen to our conversations with pleasure: some of them are present occasionally at my services, and approve of them."

In the course of the year, Rostan was called to take an active part in the formation of the French Conference. Up to this time the French Methodist Society was in immediate connexion with the English Conference, without whose sanction no decisive action could be taken, and no important change effected. Such a dependence was evidently prejudicial to the prompt transaction of business, and likely to retard the development of the work of God. The cause itself also wore something of a foreign aspect, which exposed a vulnerable point to the attacks of prejudiced minds. The Missionary Committee in London were the

first to moot the project of an independent organisation; and in the month of June, 1852, several delegates, representing the French work, of whom Rostan was one, assembled at Paris to meet Dr. Beecham, as the representative of the Committee, and in a friendly manner discussed the terms of the new arrangement. These were such as left the newly-constituted body full liberty of action, while attaching it by solid bonds and a community of thought and action to the Parent Society.

The first French Conference was held the same year at Nîmes between the 7th and 15th of September, and consisted of seventeen ministers. M. Cook presided over its sessions, and M. de Jersey was chosen secretary. The Society was divided into two Districts, the north and the south: Rostan was elected Chairman of this latter, which then embraced four large Circuits, La Vaunage, the Cevennes, La Drôme, and the Alps. The nomination of Rostan to the chair of the larger of the two Districts, and that at so important an epoch in the history of French Methodism, is a distinction which does great honour to our Missionary, and shows how high an opinion his colleagues had of him.

A somewhat serious accident gave a sombre turn to the pleasing impressions under which he left Nîmes. The train in which he was travelling, launched upon the wrong track by a false movement on the part of the engine-driver, came into collision with another proceeding in the opposite direction. The shock was terrible. A hundred and

twenty persons were more or less seriously wounded. Rostan himself was violently thrown on his side by the collision, and narrowly escaped instant death. The right side of his body was bruised in every part: for the moment he lost consciousness, and on regaining his senses found himself in the midst of a scene of indescribable confusion. He was in great pain, and could not move without acute suffering. Though not far from Nîmes, the desire to reach home, in order that he might receive all necessary attention, determined him to continue his route toward Guillestre. But in this instance, as in many others, his courage was greater than his strength, and the journey was to him a real martyrdom: he suffered excruciating pain, necessarily aggravated by the motion of the carriages. He reached home on the 18th of September, at 11 o'clock at night, half dead with fatigue. An interval of six weeks elapsed before he was able to resume his labours: then he commenced by degrees, performing his first journeys on horseback. He felt the effects of this shock for a long time.

In the course of the year, Rostan had to take several journeys in his capacity as Chairman of the District. The following letter records his observations during a visit to the Vaudois valleys:—

"*To* M. Henri de Jersey, *Pastor, Alais.*

"*Guillestre, July* 29, 1853.

"My dear Brother,—I have just returned from the valleys of Piedmont. My visit has been

exceedingly agreeable to myself, and, I believe, useful to many persons. I have been received everywhere as an old and yet new acquaintance, as a messenger of God. Temples, chapels, houses, all are open to us. What a change since one-and-twenty years ago, when we had the honour of being exiled from Piedmont, for the sole offence of preaching to poor sinners Jesus and His grace! I have been invited, nay, entreated, to return as soon as possible, and to spend several months there: the question has even been seriously put to me, 'Can you not come and live among us?'

"A. Blanc, once an exile for the Gospel's sake, is now Syndic of La Tour, a lay member of the Table, and I do not know what else, but a local preacher still! The door is everywhere wide open, at Pignerol, at Gênes, at Nice, at Turin, and shall we not soon say, at the Vatican itself!"

By direction of the Conference of 1853 he repeated his visits during the following year, a preacher being appointed to take his place during his absence. He speaks of being received everywhere as an angel of God. By the same Conference he was charged with a mission to Corsica, a work of great delicacy and difficulty.

Corsica has a population of more than two hundred thousand souls, wholly Catholic. Several inhabitants of Bastia, one of the principal towns, sent a petition to the French Conference of 1853, requesting that a pastor might be appointed to

labour among them. Many circumstances concurring to favour this appeal, it was regarded in the light of a providential opening; and the Conference, wishful both to respond immediately to the call and also to obtain further information, appointed a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Cook, Rostan, Gallienne, and Farjat, with full power to consider the proposal and in some measure supply for the coming year the spiritual necessities of Corsica. A pious young Corsican offered his services as a colporteur, and M. Gallienne visited the island in order to reconnoitre the ground and open the way. The authorities, and the people generally, regarded this effort with displeasure: the clergy were especially intolerant. After long and painful opposition, M. Gallienne succeeded in obtaining from the Prefect permission to open a small place of worship, and to distribute the Scriptures and religious tracts. According to previous arrangement, M. Rostan succeeded M. Gallienne, and continued the work. The mission to Corsica is a curious and interesting episode in our brother's life: we shall be permitted, therefore, to borrow some extracts from his correspondence of this date:—

"*Bastia, December* 6, 1853.

"My dear Brother,—I have had a pleasant passage of three and twenty hours. On the 4th and 5th of this month, the steamboat 'L'Industrie' conveyed from Marseilles to Bastia a Methodist

preacher, and two large boxes of Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts. Truly, if the Romanist clergy had known of this arrival, they would not have slept. May they awake to righteousness, and sin not! What people the Corsicans are! Grave and yet godless, intelligent and yet ignorant of the truth, free and yet perfect banditti. Twelve of the *élite* of Corsica, if soundly converted, might be the means of salvation to the whole island. By order of the Emperor the whole population is disarmed for five years of all weapons,—poniards, fire-arms, and all. May they speedily be disarmed, by a Divine decree, of the weapons of sin, the priesthood, and the devil, and that for ever!

". . . . *December* 14.—The preachers of the Gospel preach more than ever: the Romanist priesthood talk, write, and storm more than ever: the people meet, assemble in groups here and there, in public places and in the streets, and everywhere talk, comment, debate, some defending one side, and some the other. Our little Paris tracts are read with avidity. Our congregation on Sunday last consisted of sixty or seventy men and several females. They were serious, collected, attentive; and seemed satisfied with what I had spoken in the name of the Lord.

"Our presence in Corsica has given rise to a good many *on dits*, of which the following are specimens. That the college professors are all in our favour. That we are about to build a temple, and the architects have already surveyed the site.

That the bishop has ordered prayers to be made everywhere that it may please Heaven to stifle the germ of discord and heresy which has been introduced into Corsica. That the Corsicans are expounding the Scriptures among themselves in private houses. That M. Gallienne took flight because he was afraid to remain, and yet no one wished him to go. Now, do not all these *on dits* denote a great alarm in the camp of the Amalekites?"

A week after, the influence of the clergy on the minds of the authorities manifested itself in the following manner:—

"*Wednesday, December* 21.—The Sub-Prefect has sent for me to-day, and read part of a letter from the Prefect, from which it appeared that M. Gallienne had been denounced to him as a sympathiser with the Socialists; that he had just read certain publications which were in proof of this; that M. Gallienne could not count twenty-two Protestants in Bastia, a town of sixteen thousand inhabitants. That, besides, he had transgressed the limits of the privilege that had been granted him, and that he (the Prefect) must insist upon his not attempting to make proselytes. Consequently, he withdrew the permission that he had at first accorded him. I promised the Sub-Prefect that the meetings should be closed, and told him that I would return to the Continent, to advise with my colleagues. To-morrow, therefore, I shall take my departure."

Rostan accordingly left, but the work in Corsica was not abandoned. M. Farjat was directed to establish himself at Bastia, and the event showed the wisdom of a more permanent appointment.

The year 1854 was remarkable for a terrible visitation of cholera: the Methodist church paid its tribute to this destructive scourge: among others the excellent Ogier was removed by it. The Alps, in former epidemics exempted to a great extent from its attacks, this year saw the cholera invade the most secluded valleys and strike down its victims at the foot of the glaciers themselves. On this occasion, Rostan displayed his wonted zeal and activity in the midst of the terror-stricken population. In the autumn he thus writes to M. Cook in reference to the work of God:—

"*To* M. Cook, *Pastor, Nîmes.*

"*Guillestre, October* 14, 1854.

"One thing which renders our work of evangelization in this part of the field so difficult, is that the greater portion of the year we are left to cultivate it alone. Many of the regular pastors appear in their parishes for a short time, and then as suddenly disappear again. Thus, lately, after having been expected for eight months and more by the churches of Arvieux, Fontgillarde, and Saint Véran, the new pastor arrived, preached one sermon on 'Here we have no continuing city,' and then took his departure, as if to confirm the truth of his text.

"Another very important consideration is that the Alps, by their proximity to the Vaudois valleys and to Italy, afford many opportunities for evangelizing those countries, directly by the visits of the Methodist Missionary, and indirectly by the distribution of the Scriptures and evangelical books to the Italians and Piedmontese, who pass this way in great numbers.

". . . . In these mountains everything appeals to our senses and to our hearts. The streams and rivers flowing at the foot of the mountains remind us of the fountain of living waters, of the wells of salvation, and the streams of that river which maketh 'glad the city of God.' The rich verdure, and the various fruits, recall the words of the Apostle, 'Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God;' or those of Isaiah, 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name.' The dazzling purity of these mountains reminds us of our great High-Priest, whose 'head and hairs were white like wool, as white as snow,' or of that promise, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;' or again of the saints who have 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Their lofty peaks, pointing continually heavenward, seem to say, 'Seek those things which are above:... set your affections on things above.'"

Rostan was still alive to the wonderful symbolism of nature, as in the days of his youth. All was not poetry, however, in these lofty regions, as the winter of 1854-5 fully proved. On the 28th of March, our intrepid Missionary thus writes from St. Véran, the highest village in France.

"I have begun to give prizes at our Sunday-schools in St. Véran, Fontgillarde, Pierre-Grosse, and Arvieux. We still have six feet of snow here, and to-day there has been a fall of eight inches. Meantime, the thaw has begun: avalanches and fragments of rock are falling in all directions. The roads are frightful: snow, ice, mud, and masses of rock, make the roads exceedingly difficult.

"*April* 2. By my almanack I see that spring commenced on the 21st of March, but by the cold I experience in my feet, hands, face, and half-frozen ears, I feel that winter still reigns here. The day before yesterday I reached Fontgillarde, after seven hours' walking, half-dead with cold. The path from Molines to Pierre-Grosse had been opened by means of the pickaxe; and, on either side of the way, ramparts of snow rose to the height of my shoulders. Quite lately, I was imprisoned for a week at Dormilhouse, and there was no possibility of going out because of the snow-storm and the avalanches falling all around. As soon as the snow ceased, and we could see the face of the sun, I set twenty of the strongest men in the village to open a track through the snow;

and after much fatigue and many dangers I reached the bosom of my family, who were not a little uneasy on my account."

On the 18th of May, more than six weeks later, it was winter still. Writing from Guillestre, one of the warmest spots, he says, "We have had a fresh fall of snow, and the air is still keen, so that vegetation is not far advanced. This year it may be truly said that in the Alps we have nine months of winter and three of bad weather."

Rostan, however, pursued his course with unflagging ardour, as is shown by his correspondence.

" *Guillestre, January* 9, 1855.

" I HAVE visited the Piedmontese valleys, where I have preached the Word with joy, and I hope with profit to many. The last day of the year, I preached at Dormilhouse and Les Violins, and the first day of the year at Arvieux, in the temple and at the cemetery. You will see that I do not allow myself to get rusty, those of you who know the distance. [Dormilhouse and Arvieux were the two extreme points of Rostan's vast parish, and distant from each other about twelve leagues.] By means of the crowd of children who came to wish me a happy New Year, I have been enabled to distribute some hundreds of tracts. The Bible says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.' And a gracious promise follows this command, 'Thou shalt find it after many days.' 'After many days,'

one of these tracts may be a preacher, living in the flesh, speaking, writing, bringing sinners to Jesus Christ.

"As I was leaving the cemetery, the *curé* accosted me and said, 'What is your name?' 'Rostan.' 'Will you come home with me?' 'Yes.' A conversation ensued, lasting an hour and a quarter: it turned on the baptism of infants, auricular confession, Romish infallibility, the immaculate conception, &c. It concluded with a challenge on my part. 'Would you gain a soul at a very easy price, and save it to Roman Catholicism, and many others besides, at a very small expense? Listen, I only ask a trifle for all that: it is, that you will prove to me that the saints hear your prayers.' But alas, he was shut up to the assertion, 'God can make them hear us.' After which I left, he remaining *curé* and I a Methodist.

"*March* 26.—I have become a colporteur: do not lay an information against me, I pray you. Without an authorization, and at the risk of imprisonment, I have distributed the Scriptures, the Paris Tracts, and the Almanack of Good Advice, at La Vallouise, La Roche, La Bessée, St. Crepin, Embrun, Le Queyras, &c. I have sent them to Savoy, Italy, &c. Everybody receives them, buys them, or begs them. I have had many conversations with the Papists. What will be the result? God knows. I sow, others will reap. The fact is that, being favourably known throughout all these parts, I have had no serious opposition. I am

ready to ask myself if the District-Meeting would not permit me to seek authorization as a colporteur, retaining all the while my position as a Missionary? My only desire is to do good, under what title it matters little. If the title of shoe-black or chimney-sweep would open the way to men's hearts and gain access for me to their consciences, better than that of preacher or minister, I would become shoe-black or chimney-sweep without a moment's hesitation."

These extracts exhibit Rostan wholly absorbed in the work of the Gospel, as zealous and devoted in the maturity of age as in the days of his youth. The Conference of 1855 called him to Jersey. He communicates to his colleagues his sentiments on this subject in the following terms:—

"*Guillestre, October* 12, 1855.

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I came to the High Alps of my own accord, and I quit them with regret; but at the same time with submission to the will of the Conference, which is, I rejoice to believe, the expression of His will whom all things must obey. The last year of my sojourn here, I have been enabled to dispose of about a hundred copies of the Word of God, more than half of them among Roman Catholics; to obtain places for two orphans in the new Orphanage at La Tour (Piedmont); to raise the necessary funds to send a deaf and dumb child to Lausanne, where M. Kilian

hopes she will in the course of a year learn to converse; to establish a school at Guillestre; and, lastly, to lay the foundation of a work among the Catholics. The first year I felt my way, the second I set to work, the third I have been enabled to labour systematically, understanding men and things as they are in the Alps and Piedmont. But lo! at the moment when, like an eagle in the air, I was spreading my wings for a wider flight, a mighty whirlwind arises and casts me into the depths of the sea."

Rostan left his native country, never to see it again: let us follow him to his new station.

CHAPTER XII.

JERSEY.—LISIEUX.—DEATH.

1855—1859.

JERSEY, the largest of the Channel Islands, contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. There are few districts equally advanced in a religious point of view. The Methodist Society which, next to the Established Church, is the strongest religious body in the island, counts above two thousand two hundred members, one-and-twenty chapels, ten other places of worship, seven ministers, forty local preachers, and nearly two thousand Sunday scholars.

For a long time the Societies in the islands had desired the appointment of one so favourably known to them as the indefatigable Missionary of the Alps. Circumstances had at length permitted the Conference to accede to their request. On his arrival in the early part of November, 1855, Rostan found the work in a somewhat languishing state, and set himself at once to infuse new vigour. In common with his three colleagues, he laboured heartily in the work of revival, of which the following letter gives some particulars:—

"*Jersey, March* 15, 1856.

"God has been favouring us with a revival, 'a time of refreshing' for the whole Society. There is no disorder, no excitement, no stumbling-block. It has spread also among our English friends. About two hundred persons have joined the French Society since the month of December. Many former members, who had left the Society for various reasons, have returned of their own accord. Our prayer-meetings in the town are attended every Monday night by three or four hundred persons. The large chapel in Grove-place (which holds from fifteen to eighteen hundred persons) is filled every Sunday night. A good influence prevails in all our chapels."

The second winter that Rostan spent in Jersey was likewise marked by an interesting religious awakening, though not so extensive as the first. The following letter addressed to a young convert shows that he knew not only how to point souls to the Lamb of God, but also how to lead them along the way of holiness:—

"*To* Mademoiselle E. de G., *St. Ouen, Jersey.*

"*St. Hélier, Jersey, March* 5, 1857.

"My dear Sister in Jesus Christ,—I rejoice with you in the blessings that the Lord has conferred upon you, the encouragements He affords you, the edification you receive from the communion of saints, and the resolution you have formed to serve God all your days. The Lord be your Helper!

And He will be: He has promised, He is faithful, He will accomplish His good work in you, by means of His word, His Spirit, and faith; means which, while giving you the victory over the world, the flesh, the devil, and all your invisible enemies, will render you acceptable to God through His well-beloved Son.

"Having put your hand to the plough, in order to work out your own salvation, give all diligence, being persuaded that your labour shall not be 'in vain in the Lord.' Your heart, your mind, your words, your actions, your whole internal and external life,—this is the field of God's husbandry, and on it He expects you to be a worker together with Him, in order that you may bring forth fruit unto God, the fruits of righteousness, the fruits of the Spirit. Now, as our corrupt nature brings forth fruits like itself, corrupt fruits will grow in abundance, and that of every kind. And this ought neither to surprise nor discourage you, but rather to lead you to watch, in order that you may weed out every evil plant as soon as it appears. This labour, often very arduous, is called sanctification, and will only cease with our probation.

"But take courage: you are not alone in this labour. Heaven, earth, and even hell, are working for us and with us, as it is written, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' All things! angels, men, and devils: health, sickness, and death: temptations, trials,

and deliverances. All things! what a vast body of labourers, who work for us and with us without pay! One single word yokes them all in our service, and that is love to God; and this love itself is the fruit of God's love to us. Take courage, then, a race is set before us, and the crown of righteousness is at the goal! Press toward this goal. And if, in passing through the wilderness of life, which stretches from the Egypt of this world to the banks of the heavenly Canaan, you are stung by scorpions, or bitten by fiery serpents, cast a look at the brazen serpent: one look of faith fixed on 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world' will renew your spiritual strength. 'Be faithful unto death,' and Christ will give you a 'crown of life.'"

The interesting religious movements above referred to, necessarily added much to Rostan's pastoral labours, already very extensive. The care of a large Society, regular preaching in seventeen chapels, and the visitation of the sick, amply occupied the time of the ministers in ordinary circumstances; but such a revival as had just taken place entailed an overwhelming amount of additional toil. In the midst of scenes which recalled the early days of his ministry, Rostan felt young again, and too easily forgot the care his health demanded. Protracted meetings, long journeys on foot at all hours and in all weathers, innumerable visits from house to house, these

were some of the burdens imposed by this revival, burdens which the enterprising zeal of the pastor prompted him cheerfully to share. In the ardour of his spiritual warfare he forgot his own feebleness, and exceeded himself in his efforts to overtake the necessities of the work: he knew not how to decline any additional labour, nor how to withhold his aid in an emergency. By the sheer force of determination he rose superior to the sense of fatigue which sometimes almost overwhelmed him: his courage always betrayed him into illusions on the subject of his physical powers. The hour had arrived when nature was to exact a painful retribution, and by a violent reaction to subdue the energy of a valiant spirit and well-knit constitution.

This period of enfeeblement, which was destined, step by step, to bring him to the grave, commenced, in the autumn of 1857, with a violent attack of cholera. The epidemic had for some little time been prevailing in the island, and several had fallen victims. Rostan experienced the first symptoms of the malady; but, being ignorant of their significance and gravity, he did not dream of taking active measures, and continued to apply himself to his ordinary duties without the least anxiety. One Sunday, his appointment was St. Ouen's, the most distant parish in the island: he preached there three times and paid many visits. It was nearly midnight when he reached home; and, as may be easily believed, his

condition was far from being improved by the fatigue of a long journey. He was seized with a violent cramp, the nature of which could not be mistaken: it was an attack of cholera. A medical man was hastily summoned, who at a glance recognized the seriousness of the case, and declared that half-an-hour later human help would have been utterly unavailing. Thanks to strong remedial measures and careful tending, the malady was by the blessing of God brought under, and health gradually returned. The doctor ordered complete rest for a month and change of air, but his counsels were not regarded, and in a fortnight the patient had resumed his usual work. On the 22nd of September, he thus writes to M. Hocart. "It is but slowly that I am recovering from my attack of cholera, and though my labours have only been interrupted one Sunday, yet it was a severe and very dangerous illness, and has left me feeble. But, blessed be God, all is for the best. In this circumstance, I have seen His hand and His heart, His wisdom and His love. Yes, glory be to God for all His dealings with us, for all is well.

"My family is at present in good health, but my wife has suffered much during her residence here, and it is only from a sense of duty, and in the spirit of sacrifice and of dependence upon God, that we have resolved to stay a third year. The work is advancing, both in a temporal and spiritual aspect. It is in a state of delightful prosperity. I shall certainly find it hard to leave this field of

labour, this paradise of toil. But sin, suffering, and death reign here still."

The following extracts show the state of his health at this critical period, and also the sentiments and occupations of his mind.

"*To his* COLLEAGUES IN FRANCE.

"*Jersey, January* 13, 1858.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,—'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' Such is the desire of my heart for each one of you at the commencement of this new year. If we are united in spirit to this adorable Trinity of Persons, if we possess a large measure of this desirable trinity of graces, all that is within us,—spirit, soul, and body,—shall be sanctified wholly, and fitted for every good work: our neighbour shall be edified, and our God glorified.

"I have held three watch-nights at Jersey: this means that the time of my departure is drawing nigh, and that my eyes are turning toward France, where you will, I hope, in a few months open the door to me again, if God gives me life and health. At the first watch-night I drew the attention of my hearers to the words of Moses, 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness.' Last year, I proposed to them three questions, 'Whence camest thou? Where art thou? Whither goest thou?' This

year I wished them the above benediction. We have had three good watch-nights: God is at Grove-Place."

"*To* M. GALLIENNE, *Pastor.*

"*Jersey, February* 23, 1858.

"I WRITE these few lines to express our Christian sympathy with you in your present affliction. When one of the members suffers, the others suffer also. May the Lord, whose we are, living and dying, abundantly sanctify the trial for His glory here and yours hereafter!"

"Here, as in most of our stations in France also, the work is laborious; and, in order to accomplish it satisfactorily, one must often labour beyond one's strength. I have worked like a horse: I have not spared myself, and I do not regret it; but, like you, I find myself suddenly arrested, and at a moment when I least expected it. On Friday last, while meeting my Bible-class, without effort and without pain, a vessel broke in my left lung, and my mouth filled with blood. My doctor fears the consequences: meantime, the expectoration of blood has ceased for the present. I am condemned, however, to total cessation of work: bodily exercise is prohibited, and all conversation. Everything I eat and drink is cold, and we are in winter: I must not eat meat; it is true we are in Lent. What will be the consequences of this affliction? God knows.

"*February* 26.—Alas! dear brother, alas! I

have just seen by the 'Watchman' that our dear President, Dr. Cook, has entered into his rest. What a stroke! And what a number of strokes all at once! The American friends withdraw from you their pecuniary aid: the Lord withdraws from us the chariot of Israel: then there are the frequent attacks on Methodism from open enemies and false friends; and your strength and mine for the present broken! May God have pity on us, and cause His work to flourish in spite of these trials, and even by means of them! Amen."

"*Jersey, April* 26, 1858.

". . . . Since my last letter, I have seen and felt, learned and unlearned, many things. I have been permitted to witness another revival in Jersey. About one hundred and fifty persons profess to have found the peace of God by faith in Jesus Christ. Up to the present time, their profession appears to be sincere, and there has been nothing to invalidate it. But these are a mere handful, compared with the revivals in America, where conversions are taking place by thousands. Nevertheless, if we have but a handful in point of numbers, each soul is of infinite value."

In the month of May, Rostan repaired to Paris, in order to consult Dr. Monod. His friends were greatly pained to see the change disease had wrought in him. When he left France he would have passed for a young man: in the interval he

seemed to have grown old. He had, in fact, entered upon a period which, notwithstanding some momentary and deceptive symptoms of improvement, could only terminate in death. Rostan himself no doubt did not at this time contemplate such an issue as immediately imminent; yet, the following paragraph, from a letter addressed to friends in England, shows with what serenity he regarded the gloomy prospects of the future.

"*Paris, May*, 1858.

"In accordance with your wishes, I have to-day consulted M. Monod. He does not think my lungs affected, as my doctor in Jersey had at first feared. M. Monod advises me to rest for two months longer, and to go to the High Alps. Poor lad! From a sea of ice they plunge me into a sea of salt, then from a sea of salt back into a sea of ice again.

"I had an iron constitution, but excessive and protracted labours, sometimes in broiling climates, sometimes in freezing ones, have little by little worn it away. But I am resigned, calm, tranquil; and willing, through grace, to submit to the will of God. To Him I commend my wife, my children, and myself, desiring to live for Him or to die for Him, where, when, and as He pleases. He has blessed my feeble ministry to the good of some souls: He has blessed me also, in my body, my soul, and my family. After having led me through the fire and the water of the persecutions

I encountered in the service of the Gospel, He has led me by a more pleasant path, and surrounded me with the affection of His children. How can I do otherwise than put confidence in Him!

"May the Lord be very near to you, and fill you with His peace and joy! May He bring us at length to that city where the inhabitant shall no more say, 'I am sick, I need change of air, I want this or that;' but where all shall be perfect, and that for ever."

Rostan returned to Jersey very little better than when he left. The Conference was now about to sit. Our invalid, hoping that an easy post would enable him to recover his health, asked for Lisieux. "My health is somewhat improved," he writes on the 17th of June: "I believe I shall be able to take a circuit in France, but one in which there will be comparatively little to do. For the first year I shall need this, in order to a complete restoration, if such be the will of God. I have thought that Lisieux might suit my health, both as to climate and work. 'Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: O! let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.' It is the first time in my life that I have chosen a station. I do not know whether I am doing right. If the Stationing Committee cannot appoint me to Lisieux without great inconvenience, I leave my life and my

future in their hands, trusting in their wisdom, and in the wisdom of God."

The Conference was happy to have it in its power to minister in any degree to M. Rostan's restoration, and granted the request he had preferred in so delicate a manner. Once assured on this point, he seemed entirely satisfied with what appeared to be the solution of a great difficulty. He made his preparations for departure, and in due time took leave of his excellent friends in Jersey, who had in so many ways testified their affection and sympathy. His amiable disposition had gained the esteem of all: his devotion to the work of the Lord, amounting to a veritable self-sacrifice, had well merited the respect and veneration of the church. Never did pastor leave his flock amid so much and so general regret. Rostan will always occupy in the minds of the Christians of Jersey a high place among those whose revered names are embalmed in the grateful memories of the church.

Two posts more unlike than Jersey and Lisieux it would be impossible to find: in the one we have an organised church, remarkable for its vigour and capacity of development; in the other, one of the most difficult and sterile of missionary stations, where almost everything had to be begun. At Jersey, the pastor rejoiced in the cordial affection of his flock: at Lisieux, among the Catholics, he scarcely saw any faces that did not wear a

frown, and the little company of Protestants, somewhat scattered for the present, could scarcely show its sympathy in any practical manner. The following letter, written under the influence of first impressions, will convey, better than any words of our own, the sense of desolation which on his arrival took possession of the pastor's breast.

"*To* M. HOCART, *Pastor, Paris.*

"*Lisieux, October* 6, 1858.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—We were not able to leave St. Hélier till last Tuesday. We arrived here on Wednesday evening, safe and sound, thank God. But what an arrival! Never have I seen the like since I entered the ministry. On reaching the door of the garden, the driver rang the bell: no one came: he rang a second time, then a third; at last a Roman-Catholic female made her appearance and opened the door. Our luggage was put down inside the garden gate, and the omnibus drove off. There we were alone, with our trunks, boxes, packages, all in disorder; without fire, without light, without strength, without courage. A dismal plight, if ever there was one. At last, I found a match, and the servant went and lit a fire at the house of the farmer, who is bedridden. Unable to do more for sheer fatigue, we left the poor girl to make her supper on bread and pears, brought from Jersey, while we went to seek refreshment at an hotel. Not a single soul to welcome us!

"The next day, at the regular week-night service, I preached to sixteen persons, principally children. On Sunday morning, I preached to fifteen, and in the evening to five-and-twenty. So the arrival of a new pastor no longer excites even curiosity.

"If this station should restore my energies, lost at Jersey, it will be well: if not, submission! But, in a moral and religious point of view, what a desert! What a famine for the soul, especially to one coming from Jersey! Pray for us."

"It is an arid desert," writes he, on the 16th of October, "full of scorpions and serpents. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, we must expect our bread and our water from heaven. But I shall not stay here forty years. If the people will not come to the house of God, and still less to the class-meeting, what is to be done? Preach in the public places? But the police would prevent that. We must bear our testimony to the truth, 'whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.' Our righteousness and our reward are with the Lord."

The sterility of the soil he was called to cultivate was a source of great distress to Rostan's mind. But, invalid as he was, and possessing a claim to almost entire immunity from labour, he had not come to Lisieux to do nothing: even the last days of his pastoral career he could no more

consent to spend in uselessness than the first. His efforts to sustain the labour of even this comparatively contracted sphere soon, however, proved unavailing. Before he left Jersey, he could preach twice the same day at Grove-Place without inconvenience. In less than a month after his departure, he could not preach for fifteen or twenty minutes to as many people, without exhaustion. The first fortnight in November was particularly prejudicial to his health. Continual pains in the region of the stomach, lowness of spirits, general and habitual lassitude, dropsical inflammation in the limbs at night, and in the face on rising in the morning, all these symptoms seemed to announce that the end was drawing nigh. The crisis had, notwithstanding, a favourable issue. But Rostan was compelled for about three months to suspend all labour, and to accept the aid his colleagues pressed upon him.

The author of this biography had the privilege of being chosen to supply for him during a period of two months and a half. Never will he forget the peaceful and pleasant hours he spent in the little parsonage at Lisieux, all embosomed in verdure in the midst of that fine Norman scenery, which even in winter retains many traces of richness and fertility. Never will he forget those conversations, prolonged sometimes far into the evening, in which our friend with a charming ease expatiated on many diverse topics, sometimes giving his young helper wise pastoral counsels, or

directions with regard to preaching and study, and that with such a delicacy as ensured a grateful welcome; at other times discussing with him some knotty point in theology or difficult text of Scripture, and instilling into the mind some luminous idea or useful lesson. What was most surprising in Rostan at this period of his life was the serenity of his mind: this dying man was more composed than many who enjoy perfect health. There were, doubtless, moments of despondency and distress, but these vicissitudes of his interior life did not ruffle the surface. In his family-life he was cheerful even to light-heartedness. This characteristic did not forsake him in his last illness: his conversation sparkled with those witty sayings which seemed so natural to him. But with him the grave note and the gay were ever in harmony, and he passed naturally from the one to the other. The following brief extracts from his correspondence of this period will suffice to indicate the current of his thoughts and feelings.

"*To* M. HOCART, *Pastor*, *Paris*.

"*Lisieux*, *December* 14, 1858.

"MY health improves, though but slowly. My stomach is better,—still my limbs swell every day, a proof of the poverty of the blood. For some time we have had dull weather, a leaden and cloudy sky: to-day there is a thick fog. O may the Sun of Righteousness shine ever on our

souls! Our friends at St. Hélier are encouraged. They have all the tokens of another revival. That does not surprise me at all, for there has always been a good influence in our chapels since the last revival. When shall we see in all our stations that Divine power, which illumines, revives, quickens the soul, and bears it to the throne of grace, and ultimately saves? May God have mercy upon France, and bless us to the advancement of His glory!"

"*To* M. EMILE COOK, *Pastor, Lausanne.*

"*Lisieux, December* 15, 1858.

"MY DEAR EMILE,—I understand you have undertaken to review M. Arnaud's Translation of the New Testament. I have just glanced through it, or rather read several chapters. Will you permit me to draw your attention as a critic to one or two passages which have struck me, and might escape you?

"It seems clear to me that in Rom. i. 6, 7, the Apostle by the two terms 'called' and 'saints' means to distinguish the two classes of the Church at Rome, Jews and Gentiles. The Gentiles are the 'called,' the Jews the 'saints.' Compare 1 Cor. i. 2. The Jews are invariably designated by the term 'saints' in 2 Cor. viii. 4; ix. 1, 12; Rom. xv. 25, 26, 31; xii. 13; 1 Cor. xvi. 15; Acts ix. 13, 32, 41; xxvi. 10. They are distinguished from the Gentiles by the same term in Eph. ii. 19, iii. 18.

"When the two terms are employed to denote the spiritual state of believers, and not to distinguish between two classes of persons, they are applied indiscriminately to Jews and Gentiles, as in Heb. ix. 15; Rom. viii. 27; Eph. iv. 12; v. 3; vi. 18. The expression 'saint' is also employed to describe the state of the blest in heaven, as in Acts xx. 32; xxvi. 18; 1 Cor. vi. 2. But the context always indicates the sense in which the term is employed.

"In translating by 'called to be saints,' instead of 'called saints,' M. Arnaud has not, as it seems to me, caught the Apostle's idea; nor has Martin, nor Ostervald. The Lausanne translation of 1849 has rendered it correctly.

"In Galatians v. 17 he translates, 'So that ye cannot do what ye will.' See Wesley's remark on this text in his sermon on 'The firstfruits of the Spirit.'

"On the other hand, he has well rendered, in my opinion, 1 Tim. i. 9. 'The law is not established against the righteous man.' Also, Rom. viii. 26, 'Secret groanings.' Perhaps also Heb. ii. 1, 'Lest we perish.'

"Pray excuse these few cursory remarks."

"*To* M. DE JERSEY, *Pastor, Jersey.*

"*Lisieux, February* 8, 1859.

". . . . Our work at Lisieux is still on a small scale: notwithstanding, the Sunday evening congregation sometimes numbers forty. Small as it

is, this work is not without importance. It is a light shining in a dark place, a refuge, a harbour of safety to many persons in the neighbourhood. May God be our Helper! We learn that the Spirit of God is at work among you, and that many conversions have taken place. May this work endure even unto life everlasting! Amen."

At the beginning of March, Rostan wished to put his returning strength to the test, and to do without further aid. The effort does not appear for the time to have been followed by any accession of suffering: the few letters belonging to this period speak of a marked and steady progress toward restoration.

"*To* M. MATT. LELIÈVRE, *Paris.*

"*Lisieux, March* 31, 1859.

"DEAR BROTHER,—We are greatly obliged to you, my wife particularly, for the 'Life of the Duchess of Orleans.' We have read it with interest and with tears. The taste for books and book-buying, which you have contracted during your stay with me, will empty your purse but fill your book-shelves, and at a small cost put you in possession of many excellent works, if only you know how to select them. Joseph (D'Andilly's translation), Bochart, Calmet, Basnage, are all good and cheap, if the volumes are in fair condition. Don't miss Basnage, ('History of the Jews'). It is a good work, and

rare: but take care that it is the edition in fifteen volumes: that is by far the best.

"To-day we have had hail and snow: this morning the ground was covered with snow: the air is sharp and biting. Our plum-trees, pear-trees, and peach-trees are in flower. But the frost will deprive us of the fruit.

"I feel, and have reason to believe, that my health is gradually returning. You know I was growing moderately stout before you left. Ah! this fancied stoutness was nothing but inflammation. The proof is that it is almost gone, and yet I do not eat less. The better I am, the less stout I become. Exercise in the garden I find very beneficial."

Early in June, his health continuing to improve, our brother went to Paris to attend the sessions of the District Meeting and of the Conference successively. Having been requested by the last Conference to preach the opening sermon, he did so to the satisfaction of all. Taking for his text John xv. 1—8, the preacher made a striking application of the Parable of the Vine and its branches to the ministers of Jesus Christ. In this discourse, which was one of the best he had ever preached, he seemed to regain all the power and unction of his early days. He appeared to have vanquished the formidable malady that had threatened him so long, and to have summoned all his remaining strength in order to impress

upon his colleagues who were to survive him the grand, essential conditions of success in the Christian ministry, which he had learned so well, and realised so fully for himself. We shall never forget the serious and solemn feeling that reigned in the little congregation, assembled on the morning of the 15th of June, 1859, at the chapel in the Rue Royale, to hear this discourse.

Who could have thought that this was the last gleam shed, previous to its extinction, by that glowing and brilliant lamp that God had for so short a season granted to His Church! Who would have said that, in one month and ten days after this vigorous effort, our friend would be no longer numbered among the living!

Alas! he himself was by this very sermon deceived as to the extent of his strength. Some of the brethren thought a year of perfect rest might complete his restoration, and made the proposition. But he answered that his health appeared much improved, and stated it to be his conviction that he was adequate to the work of a small station like Lisieux. He was full of hope for the future, and succeeded in inspiring us with the same feeling. The vigour he threw into many of our discussions, the amiable sprightliness which never forsook him, misled us and misled him. We mistook for a superabundance of life what was only a superabundance of courage.

Notwithstanding these deceptive appearances, it is certain that it was at Paris that our brother's

malady entered upon that stage which was to terminate in death. Irregular meals taken at a restaurant, the fatigue of long and crowded sessions, the overpowering heat of the weather, hastened the crisis. Returning home toward the end of June, he felt himself rapidly getting worse, so much so that he could no longer do without assistance. Once again he had recourse to his colleague in Paris, and wrote as follows:—

"*To* M. HOCART, *Pastor, Paris.*

"*Lisieux, July* 11, 1859.

"DEAR BROTHER,—You have now returned to the routine of your regular work: the fears, the cares, the fatigues, the various emotions of the District Meeting and the Conference are past, past for a twelvemonth. Our mode of life at Paris has proved very injurious to my health. My cough is worse: the pains in the stomach and bowels continue. I am in a constant fever: I have no appetite, my sleep is light, restless, disturbed by the cough. I feel destitute of strength and courage. The doctor persists in saying that my lungs are not affected. If I could spend a few months in the Alps, my native air might perhaps restore me. This idea has been confirmed by the pressing solicitations of Mdlles. C——, whom to my great surprise I have seen here to-day. But I should need a supply, and I know of none. You spoke to me last winter of a young man in the Drôme. If he is still at

liberty, he might be asked to come, and the sooner the better. I will defray part of the expense: the Conference would perhaps defray a part: if not, I will take the whole responsibility, rather than succumb to my task when a few months of rest and change might set me on my feet. May the Lord direct you and prosper this design, if it be for His glory. Amen."

During the next few days, the malady made rapid progress. It became necessary to abandon all idea of travelling, and calmly to await the fatal issue which was now drawing on apace. Inflammation of the lungs had supervened upon an attack of bronchitis, and everything presaged the quickly approaching end. Nine days after writing the above letter, Rostan despatched another, in which he begged M. Hocart to send help without delay. This letter, written with a feverish hand and in irregular characters, was like a cry of distress: it was the last letter his hand traced: five days after, that hand was cold in death.

"*To* M. Hocart, *Pastor*, *Paris.*

"Dear Brother,—I wrote to M. Martin on Monday last, proposing that he should spend the next two Sundays here, that this should be his quarterly visit, and afterwards we might have a regular supply. M. Martin answers me to-day that he is ill himself, and that we must not

count upon him yet. Now if you can send me some one from Paris for one or two Sundays, or until he comes that is to come, well. If not, the chapel must be closed, both here and at Bernay, till some one arrives. It would be impossible for me to speak five minutes. I have such an oppression on the chest, that I am obliged to continue in a sitting posture all night, and I feel often as if respiration would fail me altogether. My prostration is complete. The fever devours me.

"The answer to your letter later. I cannot write more.

"Adieu. Your devoted Brother in Jesus Christ,

"J. L. ROSTAN.

"*Wednesday, July* 20, 1859."

M. Hocart, who for nearly a quarter of a century had been the devoted friend of Rostan, felt that duty called him immediately to hasten to the bedside of the dying. And it was a happy circumstance that he did so, otherwise Rostan would have died in the midst of strangers, and his widow would have had to attend herself to those mournful offices which death entails, without a friend to console her. "I found him," says M. Hocart, to whom we will now leave it to narrate the circumstances of the closing scene, "I found him subject to a fearful oppression on the chest, and unable to speak more than a word at a time. '*I do* not know,' he said, 'what will be the issue

of my sickness. I have commended my wife and children to God, if He should see fit to take me to Himself.' 'You have no doubts?' I asked. 'None,' he replied, 'I leave all in the hands of God.' The vigour of his mind still evidently deceived him as to the gravity of his case. 'I feel,' he said, 'that there is life in me yet: my spirit is young.'

"On Sunday morning, the 24th of July, I saw him early. He appeared calmer, but feebler. He uncovered the arm that had been bled, and referring to his wasted appearance, said with his usual smile, 'It is all wasted away.' On being questioned as to the state of his mind, he replied, 'I am just where I have been for a long time. I see nothing but defects in the best that I have done. This is all my confidence: the blood of Christ has redeemed me.' I read some portions of the thirty-first Psalm; among others, the 19th verse, 'O, how great is Thy goodness,' &c. 'Perfectly true!' he replied, 'I have experienced it. When we have proved these things by personal experience, we can put our finger on the passage and say, This is God's seal! I have never doubted the truth of the promises.' 'You have no fear?' 'No.' 'Have you any communication that you wish to make to me?' 'Live the life of Jesus: all the rest is nothing.'

"Toward the evening, his symptoms appeared favourable; but suddenly he was seized with violent pains in the bowels, which scarcely ceased

at all while life remained in him. It is impossible to give any idea either of his sufferings or of the calmness, the courage, the affection he manifested during this prolonged and terrible attack. To the last he displayed entire forgetfulness of self: all his solicitude was for others. After the medical man had paid his last visit, I was desired by his partner in life to inform the sufferer of his real situation. I approached his bedside, and told him he would soon be in heaven. He had his eyes closed: he did not open them: his countenance did not betray the slightest emotion: he made no reply. I thought he had not understood me. After waiting a few moments, I told him that, in the opinion of the doctor, we might be called to part with him that very night. One moment longer there was the same silence. I have thought since that he was meditating, and that he wished to speak to God before he spoke to man. Then he opened his mouth, and said, 'May the will of the Lord be found good, acceptable, and perfect!' A little later, he signified that he wished to speak to me. I put my ear close to his mouth, and he said with difficulty, 'Tell my colleagues that, if they have ever grieved me, I forgive them, and that I also ask them to forgive me, if I have ever grieved them. I commend my wife and children to you. I have laboured in the cause of Christ: I have not spared myself: I have not counted my life dear unto *myself.* I know,' he added, 'that God will be the

Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless.'

"I read some portions of the seventy-third Psalm. When I concluded, he said, 'The Lord is my Shepherd. Christ is my gain.'

"A little later, he quoted this line,—

'O! quand viendra cette heure que j'attends...'

"I continued,

'Où de Sion je franchirai les portes ;
Où des élus les heureuses cohortes
Me recevront en leurs glorieux rangs.'

"He resumed,

'Oui, peu de temps tu me retiens encor :'

"I concluded,

'O mon Sauveur ! dans l'exil de la terre ;
Tu vas briser mes liens de poussière,
Et vers les cieux je prendrai mon essor.'

"The Lord, whose promises he had never doubted, deigned to shorten the last conflict. At one o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 25th of July, the sanctified spirit of J. L. Rostan returned to God who gave it. He departed in peace: an unshaken confidence in the Saviour sustained him to the end.

"The last subject he discoursed on from the pulpit was, The fulness of the gifts of God. (Eph. iii.) His ministry could not have closed in a manner more in harmony with his faith, his devotion, and the general character of his preaching." *.

* In the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1860 (page 110) the following passage occurs :—"*Lisieux.*—The events of this year have been most afflicting as regards

Thus ended Rostan's brief but well-spent days. Within the space of his short ministry, it may be safely affirmed, he did more than many men in the course of a long life. What was wanting in the length of his career was made up by the intensity of his devoted zeal. We may doubtless regret that a servant of God should shorten his days by his labours. But can we say, when God calls him to Himself, that his work on earth is not finished? One workman, in order to finish his task, must labour till the shades of night begin to close around: another completes it while the sun is yet high in the heavens: both shall receive the same wages.

We cannot conclude this work better than by quoting the record read when his death was announced at the Conference for 1860.

"From the commencement of his ministry he was the means of many conversions, and, though

the great loss we have sustained in M. Rostan, who was just the preacher *Lisieux* wanted. This is not my testimony, but that of Roman Catholics themselves, who said sorrowfully when he first came, 'That man is sure to get the Chapel full.' But he is no more; we feel it most sadly, and our enemies rejoice. I have heard that, when he was carried to the grave, a priest posted himself in front of the funeral procession, with a smile on his lips. He and all were shouting, 'Victory, the Chapel will be shut up! The Chapel will *be shut* up!' Thank God, it is yet wide open."

he had not everywhere the same success, he was frequently instrumental in bringing about gracious revivals, down to the time of his last appointment. He had also special qualifications for pastoral work: he was the support and guide of timid and downcast souls, whom he generally succeeded in quickening into life and leading into the way of faith.

"Intelligent, endowed with a fertile imagination, his discourses were clear, familiar, often striking, and full of simple comparisons which gave them originality, freshness, and life. The study of the Bible was his delight: he gave himself to it with ardour, perseverance, and success. His pastoral activity and self-denial were rarely confined within the limits of his strength. His zeal led him into many imprudences detrimental to his health. The rapidity and vigour of his utterance, together with the length of his discourses, contributed also to exhaust his physical powers. But he possessed an ardent and fearless spirit, that brooked no restraints when engaged in the Master's service. Naturally of a lively temperament, he sometimes, perhaps, seemed wanting in gravity; but, among those who knew him best, none doubted the solidity and depth of his religious convictions, the sincerity and fervour of his piety. His devotedness was incontestable. Less rich than some in external advantages, he was blessed as few have been. The power of the Spirit rested upon him, and this supplied every minor deficiency. His numerous pastoral visits,

the active part he took in prayer-meetings, the influence he exerted on Christians in urging them to perfect holiness in the fear of God, these were some of the chief resources of a ministry abounding in blessed results. Everywhere our brother was loved and respected: everywhere his memory is blessed."

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